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AUGUST 11, 1964

Will Khrushchev Interfere with Our Election?

NATIONAL REVIEW

A Journal of Fact and Opinion

SUITE 3505:

the inside story of how, when and where the Goldwater candidacy was conceived and launched

Also In This Issue:

FRANK MEYER ON THE NEW POLITICAL MAP OF AMERICA ◆ KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN ON THE NEW ITALIAN GOVERNMENT ◆ WALTER BERNS ON LON FULLER, JOHN CHAMBERLAIN ON FRANCIS RUSSELL ◆ ALSO STURGEON

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NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

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In This Issue . . .

➔ NATIONAL REVIEW's publisher tells all. If you want to get the exclusive, low-down, top-secret, behind-the-scenes, play-by-play, never-before-told account of the Deep Dark Conspiracy of oil tycoons, Ku Kluxers, anarchists, Bolsheviks and Martians which—as you know from the papers—engineered the Goldwater-for-President putsch, just read **William A. Rusher's** melodrama-of-the-century, "Suite 3505." And seriously, this *is* the story, told exactly as it happened by one who was there every step of the way. . . . Shifting from past to present and future, *NR* senior editor **Frank Meyer** explains how the choice of the Arizonan symbolizes a profound shift in the political geography of this country, the failure to perceive which resulted in such a spate of nonsense from Liberal typewriters during the past six months. . . . From Washington, **Cato** reviews the curious perambulations of that wheat we thought we were sending to Russia.

➔ Analyzing Italy's latest cabinet reshuffle, **Eric von Kuehnelt-Leddihn** shows that this time the surface squabble arises from a deepening economic as well as political crisis that is pushing Italy once more toward the brink of anti-parliamentary revolution. . . . **James Burnham** continues with the second of a three-part commentary on dimensions of the Sino-Soviet conflict.

➔ The Chairman of Cornell's Department of Government, Prof. **Walter Berns,** begins the book section with an essay on Harvard Law School Prof. Lon L. Fuller's *The Morality of Law*, which he finds focused on problems of great moment, though in execution the author's "least successful work." . . . *NR*'s old friend, **John Chamberlain,** too seldom with us these days because of the daily syndicated newspaper column that keeps his pen to the grindstone, has a happy time with a delicious book on the century's earlier and better years by that other old friend, Francis Russell. . . . And **Theodore Sturgeon,** who has learned his science fiction by doing, tells how the Russians handle *their* science fiction, or more exactly *science* fiction, under the shadow of the Planned Society. Mr. S. adds a note on a very strange book by Philip Jose Farmer. . . . Following the reviews, we inaugurate a space called "Commentary," an arena in which from time to time reviewers and reviewed will have a go at one another. This first combat features **Eliseo Vivas** and **Garry Wills,** without gloves.

➔ In our next issue, we will look ahead to the Democratic Convention in Atlantic City. Mrs. Clare Booth Luce, having surveyed the writings of various columnists in San Francisco, and most particularly those of Mr. James Reston of the *New York Times*, asks: "Will Mr. Reston show himself equally willing to pass moral judgment on President Johnson and the forthcoming Democratic convention? She is inclined to think not, that what we will be seeing is "Extremism in Defense of the Democratic Party." ➔

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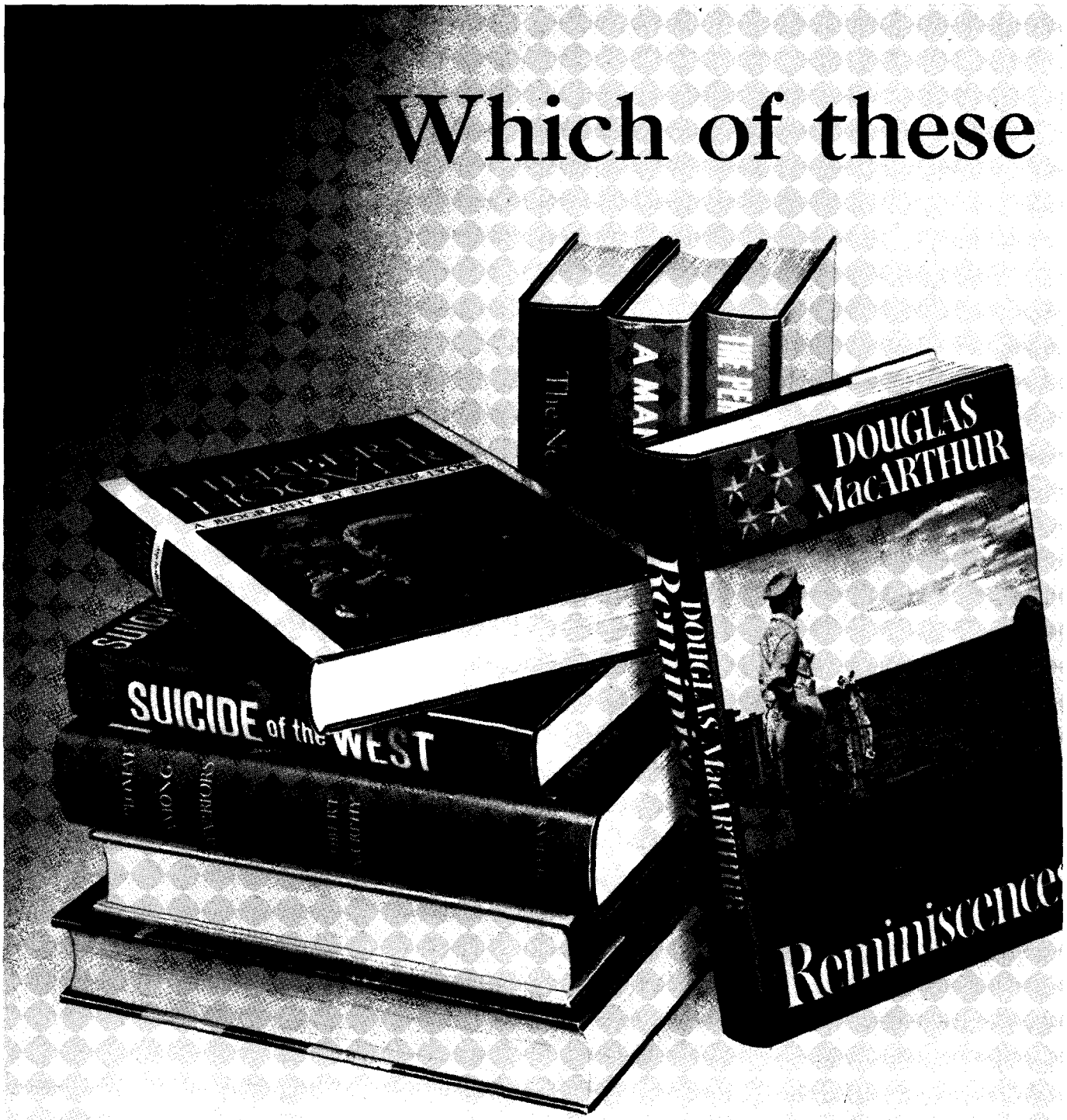
Which of these



Among the books that the Conservative Book Club is now offering or will offer soon:

REMINISCENCES, General Douglas MacArthur's forthcoming memoirs, including, in his own words, the agony of the no-win policy on the banks of the Yalu River.

THE GREATEST PLOT IN HISTORY, by Ralph de Toledano. The first book to weave together all the strands of the incredibly complex story of how the secret of the atom bomb was systematically stolen from the U.S., Canada and England despite "impregnable security measures".

WHITE TEACHER IN A BLACK SCHOOL, Robert Kendall's explosive true story of what one man went through in his brave efforts to help Negro school children . . . and the sickening blockade set up by Liberal "progressive educators" which eliminated all possibility of real achievement.

WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT INFLATION . . . Henry Hazlitt, in the same "plain language" style of his *Economics in One Lesson,* rips aside the hypocritical pretensions of Liberal economists.

COLD FRIDAY, forthcoming collection of Whittaker Chambers' unpublished writings.

OTHER BOOKS . . . including **SUICIDE OF THE WEST,** James Burnham's new book . . . **HOW TO WIN AN ELECTION** by Stephen C. Shadegg, Senator Goldwater's former campaign manager . . . **HERBERT HOOVER,** Eugene Lyons' new biography . . . **THE BIG MAN,** Henry J. Taylor's new convention novel . . . **DIPLOMAT AMONG WARRIORS** by Robert Murphy . . . **THE GREAT INTERLUDE** by Francis Russell . . . and many more.

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To the Editor

Cheers

Congratulations to the whole staff for the last issue of NATIONAL REVIEW. Like many other ventures which were begun with little apparent chance for success, you must have felt like throwing in the towel many times. There must be a platitude (which Pogo once defined as a dull truism) to fit this, too.

Mason, Ohio R.W. JOHNSON, D.V.M.

I have just read my first copy of NATIONAL REVIEW. By—George! You people put out a good magazine. Reading it was like drinking a glass of cool water on a hot day.

Durant, Okla. JAMES O. BRALY

Sauce for the Goose

Mr. Guy Taft Gaspari is pretty riled about Miss Elspeth Huxley's and NATIONAL REVIEW's "pandering to the American conservative's lust for news of the inabilities of the black African to successfully meet the standards ot Western civilization" [July 14].

Well, one wonders how a reader so deeply concerned about journalistic propriety regards the custom of the press at large to pander to the Afromaniacal Liberals' lust for propaganda handouts glossing over and explaining away the wretched collapse of proper "self-government" and even of civilized life itself in the "liberated" countries of Africa.

Lutherville, Md. J. D. FUTCH III
Prof. of International Relations
Washington and Lee University

Mississippi

Your editorial, "Mississippi" [July 14], has some nice (although poorly thrown) darts, and, as a party man myself (Democratic), I agree it is "the challenge . . . in a mature political society . . . to lure to the polls those who will cast responsible votes." I'm not yet willing, though, to take on the responsibility, or to give to the State of Mississippi the responsibility, of deciding who is a responsible voter. I put the man who resurrects responsible voters from Cook County cemeteries and the man who buries irresponsible Negroes under foreign-language literacy tests in the same species.

Minneapolis, Minn. GARRISON KEILLOR

(Continued on p. 697)

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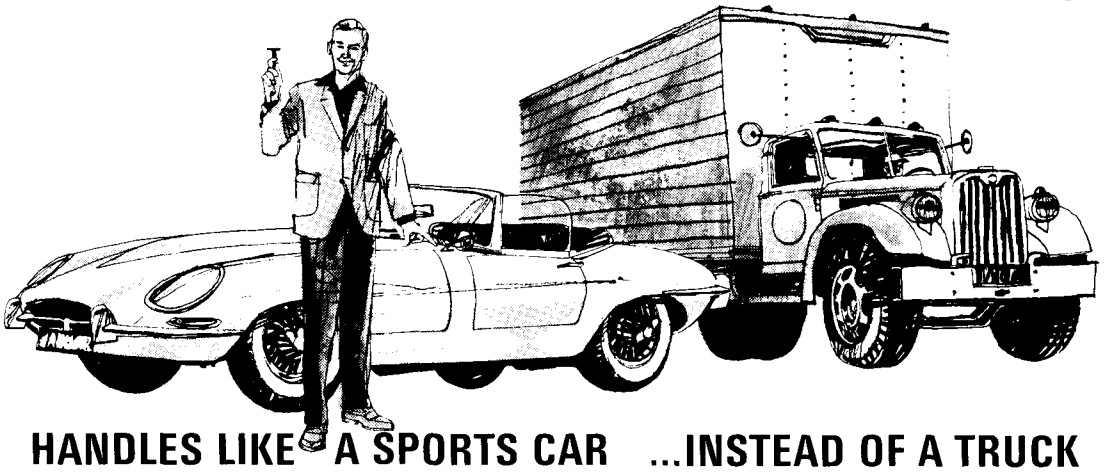
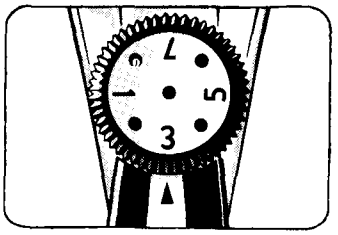
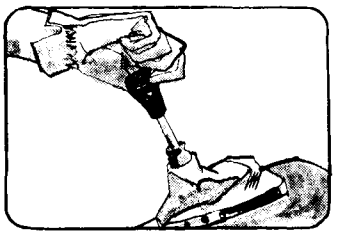


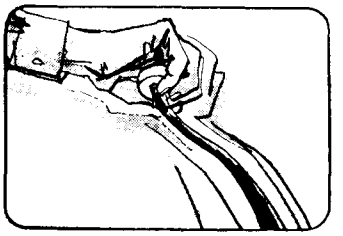
HANDLES LIKE A SPORTS CAR ...INSTEAD OF A TRUCK



Precise "Comfort Control" Dial adjusts for skin and beard—shifts at a touch

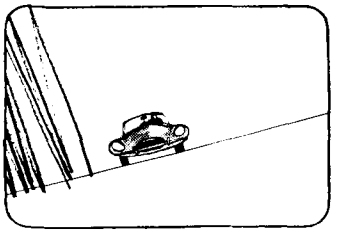


...like a sports car



...instead of a truck.

For a clean, close shave, Schick Injector head rides flat and low



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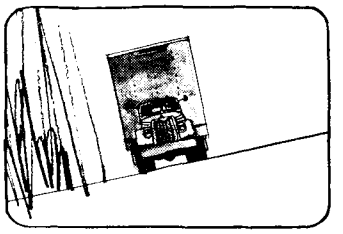
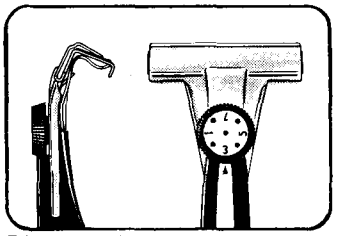


...instead of a truck.



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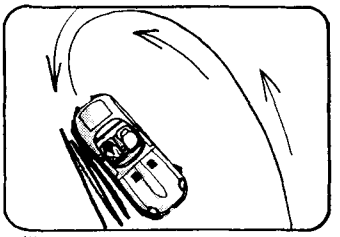
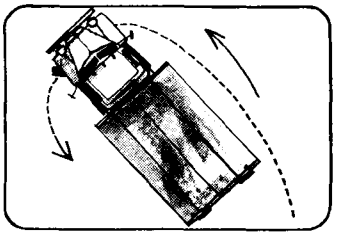


...like a sports car



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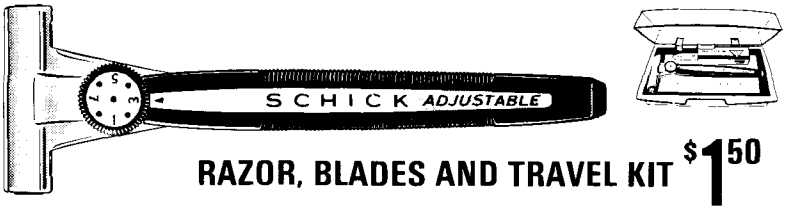

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The WEEK

● Warren Boroson, managing editor of *Fact*, the newest rag in the guttersnipe press, has circulated a questionnaire to "a group of respected psychologists and psychiatrists," asking them to say whether they think Senator Goldwater is mentally sound. Is he reckless (*i.e.*, driving 90 mph while lapping up beer)? Is he callous (*i.e.*, jerking the puppy's ears to make him yelp)? Is he indifferent to misery (*i.e.*, allowing his tenants to live in tumbledown shacks with leaky roofs)? Is he immoral (*i.e.*, was Bobby Baker his protégé)? Well, if *Fact* can find a way to affirm Mr. Goldwater's insanity, it owes it to its readers to carry through boldly to the end of logic, and propose that the Republican Party be housed in a mental institution. Crazy, no?

● Mr. J. Daniel Mahoney, state chairman of the Conservative Party of New York, has addressed an open letter to Fred Young, state chairman of the GOP, explaining the merits of Conservative Party support of Barry Goldwater (which can be arranged only if the GOP machine nominates a slate of electors that will also accept Conservative endorsement), and saying, in part: "There have been unconfirmed press reports that the state leadership of the Republican Party is opposed to a common slate of Republican-Conservative electors. . . . We cannot believe that your committee would adopt a position which might cost Senator Goldwater New York's electoral votes, and the Presidential election. As you know, exactly this result occurred in 1960, when the loss of New York State cost the Republican national ticket the Presidential election." The rule-or-ruin habit dies hard, but there is time yet for a change of mind before the New York GOP picks its electors (Sept. 1). Vice-Presidential nominee William Miller, of New York, is known to favor the joint Republican-Conservative slate, and the *New York Daily News* has editorially urged the GOP to come around.

● A couple of years ago the State Department mounted a vindictive campaign agaist Michel Struelens, Moise Tshombe's representative in the United States. First the rumor was floated that Struelens had offered a South American diplomat $850,000 in return for recognition of Katanga as an independent and sovereign state. Fast as that story was disproved, others appeared, hinting at *Union Miniere* treasure chests, sinister public relations operations, and "palatial" (you should have seen them) offices on Fifth Avenue. Shortly thereafter Struelens' visa expired and the State Deparment recommended that it not be renewed on "considerations of United States policy." He would have been unceremoniously booted out of the country had it not been for energetic intervention on his behalf by Senators Dodd and Keating. When the Blue Helmets invaded Katanga for the third time in January of 1963 and overthrew Tshombe's government, Struelens finally conceded defeat and moved to Canada. But now, like his former boss, he has returned in triumph, to be chief adviser to the Congolese Embassy in Washington and to the Congo Mission to the United Nations. Around Foggy Bottom and East 44th St. they're singing the blues, and it's not for Mister Charlie.

● The African states, in their compulsive vendetta against Portugal, managed to do themselves in a couple of weeks ago in Geneva. No sooner had an international meeting on education opened than they demanded the expulsion of Portugal and, with the aid of the Communist states and a handful of other neutralist lands, racked up enough votes to force Portugal out. At which point representatives of all the Western states (except Sweden and Finland) and of Latin America walked out. UNESCO, one of the sponsoring organizations, withdrew its personnel, announcing that in its estimation the meeting was over. "The Africans," noted the *Journal of Geneva*, "protested violently. But since even the interpreters had left there was nothing for them to do but to leave in their turn."

● When the State Department's Agency for International Development entered into a contract with the National Planning Association for a report on overseas economic development, no doubt it hoped for a windy justification of foreign aid, state planning, and so on. Instead, it got an eloquent statement from former NPA senior economist Frank Brandenburg, whose report, *The Development of Latin American Private Enterprise*, blares such heresy as: "The danger of nationalizing industry is that it facilitates the nationalization of people, including ultimately the nationalization of their thoughts and beliefs. The advantage of private competitive enterprise is that it tends to encourage and sustain a free press, personal freedom, and freedom of thought and belief. It develops a strong interest in the maintenance of law and order. It offers channels for the unfolding of genuine creativeness and innovation arising from the varied background of native cultures. It is the best hope for the development of political democracy, stability, and self-reliance in Latin America."

● In comment on Senator Fulbright's call for further accommodations with the Communist world in

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his new book, *Old Myths and New Realities*, we offer a few sentences from the Captive Nations Week Manifesto of 1964: "It is claimed by the supporters of a new approach that expanded relations with the Communist regimes will induce them to follow a course of greater independence toward Moscow and to grant some freedoms to their subjects. But this overlooks the basic fact that all the real improvements in the lot of the captive peoples have invariably been the result of *pressures* on the Communists. If the people of Hungary and Poland are still better off than their neighbors in Eastern Europe, it is because the freedom fighters of Hungary challenged the Soviet might with their bare hands—and because the Soviet Union, fearful that the Revolution might spread to Poland, agreed in panic to the Gomulka policy of relaxation. Now that Gomulka is firmly in the saddle, he feels free to resume a repressive policy. . . . We are fearful that the policy of accommodation will have disastrous results not only for the captive peoples themselves, but for the whole free world. The resistance of the captive peoples, which has long been a deterrent to Soviet aggression, might be weakened to the point when it would cease to be a factor in the calculations of the Kremlin. This would leave the Kremlin free to undertake further adventures against a West already noticeably weakened by dissensions in NATO."

● Now that Rumania's on the get-cozy-with-the-West kick, it's making a big play for the tourist trade. Tourists, for instance, can buy merchandise at a 20 per cent discount at the big stores in Bucharest (if they can find anything they want to buy). The government printing offices are turning out road maps of the country for the convenience of motorists, and gasoline stations are being set up at regular intervals. But the old police state habits die hard, as a German tourist found just the other day when he questioned a 44.57 lei charge on his bill at the Hotel Mamia. It was, it turned out, for repairs to the hidden microphone he had found in his room and put out of action.

● He who sprays Comrade Popov's picnic with fertilizer does so at his peril, as the pilot of a low-flying YAK-12 on a crop-spraying job in the Tambov region found the other day. Stirred to the quick, Popov fired back with a well-aimed vodka bottle that, having pierced a vital organ, brought down the YAK. For which rather considerable feat of marksmanship Popov has been duly punished. He has been expelled from the Communist Party *and* ousted from the unfinished apartment in which he had established squatter's rights some months earlier, it apparently being the ground rule that only Party members in good standing can squat illegally.

Voices of Moderation

(In the days following the Republican Convention, a new standard has been raised, bearing the legend: "Extremism in the defense of moderation is no vice." Beneath it have gathered the vigilantes of Tolerance and Gentility, Peace and Understanding, Moderation and Very Low Voices, from the world over. Herewith a few samples. . . .)

New York Times: "[Barry Goldwater] is a man with an incredibly bad, short-sighted, simplistic voting and speaking record. . . [He] is unfit, on the basis of his views and his votes, to be President of the United States."

New York Herald Tribune: "The Republican Party now does face a clear and present threat from the Know-Nothings and purveyors of hate and the apostles of bigotry."

New York Post: "Senator Goldwater [is] perhaps the most appalling candidate for the Presidency . . . since . . . Warren Gamaliel Harding."

Louisville Courier-Journal: "The strategy of the Goldwater high command . . . must be to inflame every minority grievance. . . This will be a campaign to sicken decent people. . ."

St. Louis Post-Dispatch: "The Goldwater coalition is a coalition of Southern racists, county-seat conservatives, desert rightist radicals and suburban backlashers."

Jackie Robinson: "I would say that I now believe I know how it felt to be a Jew in Hitler's Germany."

Drew Pearson: "The smell of fascism has been in the air at this convention."

California Governor Pat Brown: Goldwater's acceptance speech "had the stench of fascism." "All we needed to hear was 'Heil Hitler.' "

Martin Luther King: "[Goldwater] articulates a philosophy which gives aid and comfort to the racists."

Whitney Young: "I think that it's obviously an attempt to appeal to all of the fearful, the insecure, prejudiced people in our society."

James Farmer: "[Goldwater] has no program. He is just against everything."

Roy Wilkins: "[Negroes] note with dismay that

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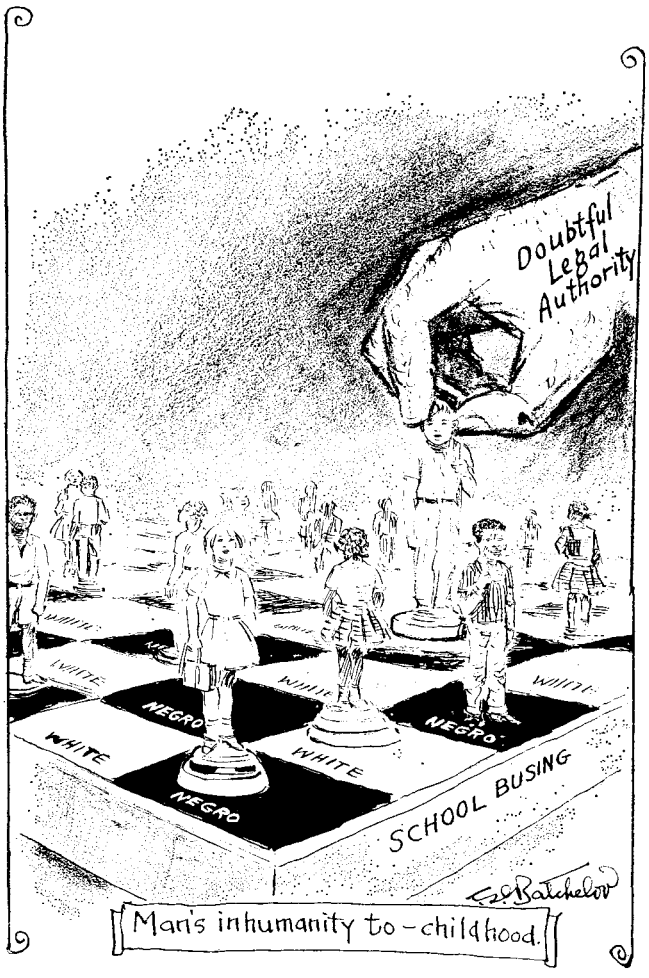

among [Goldwater's] supporters are some of the most outspoken racists in America.

Stanley Shapiro (in an ad in *Variety*): " 'Extremism . . . is no vice.' Where all who oppose are enemies of the State . . . extremism. The trumpet call of Nazi Germany, Fascist Spain, Communist Russia . . . extremism. The benediction to the Klanners, the Birchers, the Know-Nothings, the Hate Everybodys. . . On July 16 the American flag was given to the Hordes of Hate. We must take it back on November 3."

Bobby Darin (in *Variety*): "Dear Stanley Shapiro, I second the motion—We must take it back November 3."

Armed Forces Network broadcast, Munich: "Democratic National Chairman John Bailey says the GOP document looks like a John Birch magazine. . . . Bailey says the platform writers have drawn up an exercise in fantasy, fear and hate."

C. L. Sulzberger: "Democratic information contends that in January 1963 a dangerous group of financial supporters including racists and labor-baiters began to push Goldwater's candidacy. This is held to remind the President rather grimly of the kind of business backing behind the Nazis in the early thirties."

Mayor John Shelley of San Francisco: The Republicans "had Mein Kampf as their political bible."

Elizabeth Smith Gatov, Democratic National Committeewoman: Goldwater's nomination meant "the thud of the mailed fist—the knock on the door in the night."

Canon Collins, St. Paul's Cathedral: Goldwater's nomination is an example of the "rebirth of fascist psychology."

James Reston: "Goldwater must know that most of the extremist tyrants of history, from Caesar and Napoleon to Hitler and Stalin, acted in the name of liberty and justice. The Birchers and the Ku Kluxers think they do the same, and so do the white extremists in Mississippi and the black extremists who follow Malcolm X."

Keep Your Wires Crossed

Getting a man nominated at a national convention has become a problem in electronics as well as delegates. In the Good Old Days there was a floor manager and there were squadrons of legmen to run around, collecting or distributing information and orders. By contrast, see how the Goldwater organization was deployed at San Francisco.

A fifty-five foot trailer, parked outside the Cow Palace, housed the communications gear, monitored by two full-time maintenance technicians, and guarded by Pinkerton. Clifton White, seated before three television screens, had twenty-five telephone lines at his disposal; six "regional directors" in the trailer also monitored the convention on television while maintaining direct contact with key Goldwater forces on the floor. White's outlets also led to communications headquarters at the Mark Hopkins, whence the network could fan out to the thirty hotels around town, all by private line. All the lines were "hot": that is, White pushed a button, the signal traveled, and the talking started. At one corner of the console was a special telephone linked directly with the Commander in Chief.

Besides this, eighteen Goldwater men with walkie-talkie radios toured the convention floor while keeping radio contact with the trailer; in the event that the Scranton people discovered the Goldwater transmitting frequency (which they did), there was a second, super-secret frequency available. And the

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Recommendations mean a lot to us.

MEMO . . . from the desk of Barry Goldwater

UNITED STATES SENATE

I warmly recommend National Review to every thinking American. For too long now, the so-called "liberals" have been pretending that they hold a monopoly on intelligence in our country. It just isn't so. We conservatives can make a powerful case for our ideas, and National Review makes it brilliantly, issue after issue. I especially enjoy the lively tone of the magazine. It deals with serious matters yet is always readable – in fact, often very witty. As we prepare for the critical year ahead, I expect National Review to be more valuable than ever.

Barry Goldwater.

Would you please give us yours right now?

Your recommendation is our best advertisement. Was there ever a *better* time to use the card facing this page—with your recommendation—to introduce someone you know to *National Review?* (Can you think of anyone who *wouldn't* like a subscription to NR from now through the election, and for such a low price of just $2.98?) *Time* Magazine calls *National Review* the "Spokesman for Conservatism." You knew it all along (don't be bashful—remind your friends of *that,* too). But surely you know others who would enjoy first-hand reporting of today's most important events? Urge them to subscribe today, for *National Review* will be most interesting and most valuable to them *now!*

If you prefer, you can use the card to give a gift subscription at the same low rate of just $2.98 for the next 4½ months (9 issues)—*the lowest rate we've ever offered for gift subscriptions.* We make this special offer for one reason—to introduce as many people as possible to *National Review* during this vital election campaign. We hope you will take advantage of it for *your* friends without delay!

If *you* are not yet a subscriber, then by all means take advantage of this special offer yourself. Mail the card today—and if you want extra cards for your friends, we'll be glad to send them to you right away.*

FREE—*with each new subscription!*

We will send a FREE copy of our special 16,000-word supplement "A Program for a Goldwater Administration" to each new subscriber, while the supply lasts. This provocative 16-page reprint puts forward solid and responsible proposals to a *conservative* President. It first appeared in our July 14 issue, and was an immediate sell-out on many newsstands. (Every Republican delegate got a copy of it, too.) Your friends won't want to miss this major campaign document!

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**If someone beat you to the card, or you want to enter additional gift subscriptions at the special $2.98 rate, you may use your own stationery. Address Dept. BG, National Review.*

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Focus on NOV. 3

◆ American foreign policy has been, of course, one of the central concerns of the conservative protest. Now that the GOP is in conservative hands and has fielded a conservative candidate, foreign policy could be a central issue of the 1964 campaign. So it is interesting to note the glow of publicity on the question of Connecticut's Senator Thomas Dodd being Lyndonbird Johnson's running-mate. Dodd has the strongest anti-Communist record in foreign policy of any Democratic senator; with him on the Democratic ticket, the GOP would find it hard to make an issue of the mess in Vietnam or the mess in the Congo or the threat from Cuba; on such matters Dodd has been with us all along. Dodd qualifies in other ways: he's from the northeast, he's a Catholic, he's a vigorous 57, and his record on domestic affairs is orthodox Liberal. If Johnson picks Dodd, it'll be a strong clue that the Democrats want to get rid of the foreign policy issue and concentrate on the Great Domestic Prosperity we're having, thanks to the War On Poverty.

◆ Amidst all the cries of disaster for the GOP, the Democratic Party is sliding inexorably towards chaos. The GOP is accommodating itself to the westward, conservative shift of forces. The Democratic Party shows no signs of finding the formula it needs to handle the Republicanization of the South, the disorder in northern city-bastions of Democratic power, and the mounting disaffection in the ranks of labor. The disorderly coalition so aptly symbolized by President Johnson's career of non-stance is about to fall apart, specifically in the House of Representatives, where whole blocs of Democratic congressmen may desert the Leader on the poverty bill and other measures, simply because they fear they can't be re-elected in November if they're too closely associated with the Johnson type of political quackery.

◆ Case in point: James Reston of the *New York Times* has reported that a private poll of the United Steelworkers conducted by the union president, David MacDonald, shows Goldwater running slightly ahead of Johnson.

◆ Further case in point: at the Democratic Convention in Atlantic City there will be about eight state delegations, from the South, banging back and forth like a hunk of loose cargo in a ship's hold. Alabama, Mississippi, the Freedom Democratic Party, unpledged electors, the Wallace plan, and similar items will be flashing on our television screens in what may prove the first spastic twitches of a collapsing coalition.

◆ It is all in contrast to the gathering health of the GOP. A few soreheads have picked up their marbles and gone crying to Mommy, but the past two weeks have seen many a Republican "moderate" climb squarely onto the Goldwater bandwagon. A letter to the Young Republicans of Pennsylvania may serve as the symbol of what's happening. It was signed by Wilbur Creveling Jr., state chairman of the YRs, and finished with a bang: "Along with Bill Scranton and Craig Truax, I urge you to begin work on behalf of Barry Goldwater and the entire Republican ticket. . . ."

Goldwater forces cracked the Scranton walkie-talkie frequency, gaining immediate knowledge of every new move of the antiquated, eighteenth-century squads of the East Coast Liberals.

Khrushchev Takes a Hand

Gallupski Pollsters never find Nikita Khruschev among the "Undecideds." The jovial Premier lost little time in announcing his vote in our November election. He was barnstorming in neighboring countries when the San Francisco convention made its choice, and he didn't even wait until he got back home to the Kremlin fireside. Standing beside Wladyslaw Gomulka, to whose backbone he had applied a periodic bracer, Khrushchev declared on July 21 to a Warsaw crowd that San Francisco had revived the old Nazi days. The candidate, he said, had been hailed "with the full approval of whistling and stamping delegates in an atmosphere recalling fascist gatherings at Nuremburg. . . . If the election campaign is conducted under aggressive slogans we cannot but draw conclusions. We cannot be indifferent to such slogans. We should clean our weapons and be ready for all their intrigues to give them a rebuff." He mentioned parenthetically just what it is about Barry Goldwater that bothers him: "The Presidential candidate made it clear that he wants to enter the White House under the banner of unfettered anti-Communism." Gomulka dutifully added his footnote: "Goldwater announces a foreign policy that is directed toward a global nuclear catastrophe."

Moscow's *Pravda* soon chimed in: Goldwater's nomination, pushed by the racists, "will cause a wave of the most frantic reaction of a fascist type on the crest of which he will try to reach the White House." *Izvestia* tried this variation: "In his hands he holds the banner of the American war party. It is only by misunderstanding that the Stars and Stripes decorate his flag and not the skull and crossbones. The modern American caveman appears before the gullible public in the guise of a quite respectable spiritual leader. No, he doesn't hold a club in his hands. He is not dressed in animal skins and he

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doesn't grit his teeth. He shows his teeth in a kind of smile."

Will Khrushchev attempt to intervene in the U.S. election campaign? The question has already been answered. He has already begun his intervention with this hoarse-powered blastoff. We may be sure he won't rest on these early bursts. What he, Gomulka, *Izvestia* and *Pravda* are doing in this first phase is trying to guide the anti-Goldwater missiles into what they judge to be the most effective orbits: Goldwater is a warmonger and, at least potentially, a fascist and a racist. (Aren't *all* anti-Communists, come to think of it, warmongers, fascists and racists? What more proof could you ask for?) These are hit-tunes we shall hear often enough in the several months to come, whispered or shouted, from voices both high and low.

Khrushchev and his megaphones and echoes will build up the resonance of the "warmonger" notes by rumbling threats of the warlike countermeasures that will have to be taken if the trigger-happy Madman should seize the White House. In pursuance of Peace (*i.e.*, in defeating Goldwater) it would seem probable that Khrushchev will try—though for this his power is not always sufficient to back up his intention—to prevent any new acute international crisis, any "Soviet-American confrontation," from arising between now and November 3rd. Haven't we been told often enough in the past five years that Nikita Khrushchev, peaceful coexister, is the very model of the moderate? When we've got a hip-shooting extremist to deal with, don't all us moderates have to stick together?

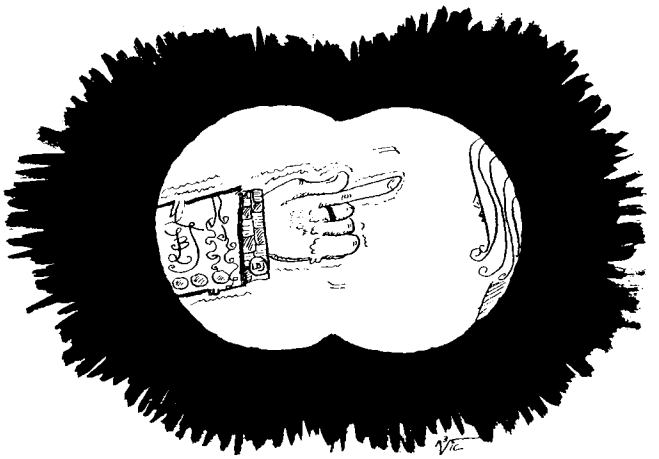
The Thin Blue Line

The line between civilization and chaos is at all times, but above all in a revolutionary age such as ours is, narrow and precarious. All the batteries of ordered institutions, laws, customs, moral sentiment and religious belief are required to hold it against the wild, dark passions that in all human beings are never far from the surface. There come times—rather frequently on small scale and now and then in vast extent—when the line shrinks more narrowly still, when the mighty batteries seem silenced, put out of action, and the last defense must rest in the rude but disciplined hands of men with nightsticks and guns.

Let us be quite clear in our evaluation: whatever is at stake in what is now called the civil rights movement, whatever the merits of the cry of our Negro fellow-citizens for justice, there is even more at stake in the matter of mob frenzy and violence in our streets. Unless there is order in the streets, unless citizens may go peacefully about their business on the public highways and there be secure in their persons, property, homes and place of business, we no longer have a nation or society at all; we have returned to anarchy and Hobbes' war of all against all.

Let us beware, therefore, the loose talk about "police brutality" that is now developing into a nationwide campaign against the police. No one has yet devised a gentle way of dealing with mobs, riots and mass looting. It is not easy to be sure, in the thick of action, at just what point toughness shifts to brutality. But on the whole our police have been doing their duty in these recent weeks with discipline and courage, under conditions of extreme difficulty and danger. They are being subjected to the fiercest provocation, mingling the foulest insults with bricks, bottles and garbage. The revolutionaries—not all of them Communists—now actively exploiting the civil rights movement understand very well that the undermining of the police force, and of public confidence in the police, is a key part of their task of destroying our society. The old saying may be truth that nobody loves a cop. But whether we love them or not, our police right now deserve our thanks and our support.

BIRD WATCHING AT THE WHITE HOUSE



"For the Last Time, Luci, I ain't gonna call it 'My War on Poverti'!"

The Poverty Bill

The Administration's poverty bill is a jumble of uncoordinated nostrums. It would establish, for example, a "job corps" at a cost of $4,700 a year for each trainee, even though the same thing is already being done under the Manpower Development and Re-Training Act. It would establish "work training programs" that overlap the Vocational Education Act passed by Congress last year. The "work-study

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program" would be a $125-million yearly duplication of the program now administered under the National Defense Education Act. The loan program for rural areas would duplicate the present activities of the Farmers Home Administration. The proposal for loans to small business is a duplication of the Small Business Administration.

One bit of the bill, however, is new enough (about as new as the pyramids): it would create a czar and another empire. Mr. Sargent Shriver would run the Office of Economic Opportunity without any requirement to coordinate his benefactions with existing federal programs, without any requirement to secure the approval of lower levels of government (state, local, municipal), and with untrammeled authority to invent his own rules and criteria for passing out the federal funds. It's a poverty bill, all right: the very image of the intellectual poverty of its designers.

It'll Be Johnson If It's Not Goldwater!!!

Credit *National Observer*'s Roscoe Born with the coolest cadenza to date on the theme more and more of us are humming—"There's No Business Like Poll Biz." 'Cause you don't even need to rent a theater. And the grand old story line will pack 'em in right up to the final edition: "A's ahead; now B's ahead; now whaddaya know, C's grabbed it." In the innocent movie days, horses, steamboats, locomotives and Packard phaetons played the parts our pollsters now assign to assorted Presidential candidates.

In fact, in this age of Instant Tradition, the whole thing has almost overnight gotten as stylized as a Noh play. In Act I, as Mr. Born makes clear, the pollster-protagonist need only "go out to the state involved and hang around long enough to make it look good." Then, first report: Candidate A, 38 per cent; Candidate B, 46 per cent; the rest, undecided. (The figures are interchangeable. So are the candidates.) Middle act: dance of the percentages, while the audience gasps and fidgets. A (or is it B?) is gaining fast; and watch those undecideds; they've dropped *one whole* percentage point. "You can play this thing like a Yo-Yo," writes Mr. Born, "right up to election time. I'd say it's essential that you get at least one good groundswell going, though, and not try to overdo it."

Grand Finale: that Last Minute Shift, and if Candidate C (write BG) has swung up from nowhere, why, we saw that coming the very night before, but blame our tardiness on Computer Lag. Exhausted Collapse of Hero. Deafening applause. Large check from publishing syndicate.

Mr. Born's anonymous editor added the only touch of fantasy. "Political pollsters don't operate this way, of course," reads a leadnote to his piece. "They're professionals, with professional standards." Keep your eye on Anon. That boy's a coming satirist.

Well Hello There!

"News-11 the straight recording of contemporary thought and act—is about to be reborn," we were hopefully saying in these columns two week ago, arguing that the Goldwater nomination would make a lot of news legal that had been considered, until then, the contraband of right-wing info smugglers.

Well sir, in the succeeding two weeks the keepers of the journalistic seals, taking a fresh look at reality, have abruptly noticed three items of contemporary thought and act which they now consider fit to print. It is, apparently, now thought not witch-hunting but civic duty to mention that there is, yes there is, Communist involvement in racial strife. One sees long articles on the reddish backgrounds of such as William Epton, the anti-cop brawler who was hauled to the pokey last week and Jessie Grey, who calls for "guerrilla bands"; and there seems to be a growing suspicion in the Establishment that not every mob in the streets is the unspotted servant of justice.

And (hold your hat) there was a long article on Radio Free Dixie, which has been broadcasting the exhortations of Robert Williams, an expatriot from North Carolina, aimed at the Negro citizens of the U.S., to take up arms and use them against the white devils. Of all things! Who would have thought that Dr. Castro and his reform government would dare to foment racial strife in the United State? Didn't we have the stern resounding promise of President Kennedy, going on two years ago, that the U.S. "will not tolerate" such things?

Finally, one notices that Moise Tshombe of the Congo has been relieved of the "clown" costume bestowed on him, with then Assistant Secretary of State Carl Rowan's blessing, by Mr. Thant of Burma and the UN; instead, Mr. Tshombe is now draped in the mantle of a statesman, and his life and works are seriously described in background sketches, and he turns out to be not a clown at all, but a leader of some substance and promise.

These things, of course, NATIONAL REVIEW has been saying for a long, long time, yea, even when these lay much beyond the boundary of news that's fashionable to print. Goldwater's nomination is one of the factors that have expanded that boundary. The Republican nomination, after all, is one piece of news that can't be managed out of existence.

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Notes and Asides

Shortly after NATIONAL REVIEW was launched, in the fall of 1955, a young girl one or two years out of Smith College approached us, volunteering to work for the magazine without pay. She had been doing as much, during the preceding period, for The Christophers, the altruistic organization of the Maryknoll priest Father James Keller, and we had had word of her successes there as private secretary, amanuensis, and scriptwriter for "F.K.," as she affectionately, if a little irreverently, referred to her reverend friend and boss. But by nature argumentative, she sought an activity that would tax a little bit less her exhaustive capacity for Christian charity, and so sought out our worldly journal where, under certain circumstances, she might be permitted, provided the formulation was cautious, to point out to some of her fellow citizens that their political behavior was straying dangerously close to that of Racca, the fool. She took a normal person's pleasure out of an occasional indulgence in this liberty, and wrote from time to time a coruscating editorial paragraph which would not have won an imprimatur from The Christophers, although, because her wit was leavened by charity, would have got an amused smile from her old mentor F.K. She got as much from her associates on NATIONAL REVIEW, but it was never patronizing, because we were no more immune than the *pomposi* of the political world from her evenhanded barbs. She simply would not tolerate stuffiness and all of us learned, in those moments when we tended to give way to our little vanities, that we were running the danger of committing our self-esteem to her chastening hands. An off-hand remark from her, a casual note to a colleague, a facetious memorandum to the staff, was sufficient to remind us that the law against taking oneself too seriously was being rigorously enforced by a young Smith ('54) graduate, Phi Beta Kappa, 23 years old (who knew better than anyone we had ever seen how to laugh wholesomely, cleansingly. How many mean and self-important little devils she drove in despair from our offices during that period by her incorruptible laughter—).

She took on the most menial and exacting chores, and for three whole years, in addition to her other duties, managed the Crank Mail Department. Soothingly she would write Mrs. Jones that NATIONAL REVIEW's refusal to credit the theory that Alaska was being prepared as a Concentration Camp for all those who had voted against the censure of Joe McCarthy was not, in and of itself, sufficient reason to conclude that NATIONAL REVIEW was a Communist Plot. Depending on the tone of the correspondent, she was commensurately generous, considerate, impossible. If the plaintiff proved to be invincibly hoarse, unimpeachably and vindictively ignorant, her answers would sharpen. One lady, who could not understand NATIONAL REVIEW's innocence of such palpable Communist operations as fluoridated water, Roy Cohn, the income tax, and Russell Kirk, was constantly canceling her subscription, conjoining to her cancelation notices vivid manifestos of disapproval of NATIONAL REVIEW and all its subversive works; and then, cooling off, would cautiously renew. Maureen would take her gently by the hand and explain patiently why Russell Kirk could simultaneously teach at the New School for Social Research and yet remain outside the Communist Party: but one time, after the lady had canceled for maybe the fifteenth time, Maureen, over-tried, took her at her word and sternly forbade the Circulation Department to reinstate her subscription. For weeks the lady tried, clandestinely, to put her subscription back in force, but however deviously she approached the Circulation Department, she would run into the unremitting ukase against her. Finally, in despair, she sent a postcard: "Maureen, dear, I surrender." She got the next and, I suppose, succeeding issues. One gentleman had a dreadful time unraveling his subscription problem, partly our fault, partly his. Maureen worked for weeks trying to sort out his difficulties, but no matter how much she put herself out, he grew more and more heated, more and more refractory: to the point where she finally wrote to him, "Dear Mr. Smith: It occurs to me that it makes no sense for us to conspire together any longer to straighten out your difficulties with the Circulation Department. My suggestion to you is that you start again from scratch and take out a fresh subscription under an assumed name."

She became engaged in 1958 to an apolitical Irishman of great gentleness, with a sense of humor equal even to her own, and a personal charm against which she was, for once, totally helpless. The prospect of losing her was more than her colleagues could endure, and so we persuaded her to stay on even after her marriage, until she was very large with child—and then she went, and did not return. At home, between children (she had five in five years) she did odd work for us, editing the two volumes, *An Evening with National Review*, and *Relaxing with National Review*. She had a bias against hanging on, as an ex-hand, and was consistently unwilling to step foot in her old offices, although on the rare occasions when she would do so it was always cause for spontaneous celebration for all who had known her, and worked side by side with her. Because "she was the essence of what it means to be alive; even physical objects were brighter and more wonderful when she was there," as a veteran editor of NATIONAL REVIEW remarked, concluding, "she was the sweetest girl I ever knew."

Maureen was struck down by a cerebral hemorrhage—on the day Senator Goldwater was nominated—and died two days later without regaining consciousness. On behalf of the original staff of NATIONAL REVIEW, who owe her such a very great deal, I bid her goodbye, and commend to the care of Our Lord one of His most precious creations, my beloved sister,

MAUREEN BUCKLEY O'REILLY
1933 - 1964

—W.F.B. Jr.

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From WASHINGTON Straight

Veep

► The frenetic Democratic vice-presidential race had resolved itself into the question: Does Bobby want it? If Attorney General Kennedy does not want it, and there is considerable feeling here that he does not, he will name the nominee. The cold fact is that LBJ, the professional Southerner, cannot win in November without the urban-industrial vote. He cannot command that vote himself: the Kennedy legacy, and the Kennedy machine built and operated by Larry O'Brien, can. LBJ knows only too well that O'Brien has remained at the White House for the single purpose of perpetuating the Kennedy dynasty. In other words, O'Brien stays on the White House payroll because Bobby wants him there.

It is not easy to discern Bobby's possible objections to the second spot on the ticket. He is, at 38, without an obvious political future. And the vice-presidential nomination under Johnson would virtually assure him the #1 Democratic spot, either by acclamation in '68, or by inheritance in the intervening years. But Bobby, for all his wistful youth, is a pro. He knows that his name on the ballot will firmly establish a two-party South. Indeed, Senator Herman Talmadge, one of the shrewdest of the proverbially shrewd Southerners, has said privately that Bobby's nomination would nudge Georgia into the Goldwater column. (Georgia has been reckoned the most implacably Democratic state by the Goldwater camp). Nor can one overlook the emotional hangover of last November 22: the Attorney General is still deeply grieved by the loss of his brother.

This writer spotted him at JFK's Arlington gravesite only a few nights ago, weeping openly, and waving away photographers with a "please, no pictures."

One possible alternative presents itself: Sargent Shriver, who has several obvious political assets. First, he can lay claim to the allegience of the Kennedy machine; second, he can evoke the flamboyant Kennedy image; third, he is, genuinely, the World's Nicest Guy; fourth, he will provide the perfect antidote to the slashing campaign of vice-presidential GOP nominee, Rep. William Miller, while blunting Miller's religious and regional appeal.

Tribute to Barry

► The Senate paid rare tribute to one of its own last week as Barry Goldwater returned from the political wars as his party's candidate for the Presidency of the United States. The Senate leadership, Everett Dirksen of Illinois and Mike Mansfield of Montana, received unanimous consent to interrupt debate on the Poverty Bill to welcome Barry back.

Dirksen relieved himself of several orotund remarks, to the infinite amusement of the press galleries, finally cutting himself off with the same gesture that ended his statement following the Senate vote on civil rights: a dramatic flourish of the right hand, coming to rest, forefinger extended, on Sen. Goldwater. (Dirksen's civil rights statement had been widely interpreted as a sharp attack on Goldwater.) Then followed, in order, Carl Curtis of Nebraska, Mansfield, and Bourke Hickenlooper of Iowa. Hickenlooper silenced the chamber, and set the galleries to scribbling, with the declaration: "I will continue to be extreme in my support for Sen. Goldwater."

The senators filed by Goldwater's desk, shaking hands and offering their congratulations. Sen. Harry Byrd buttoned his double-breasted suit jacket and grinned bashfully, aware of his own importance to Goldwater's future. Sen. Carl Hayden, Arizona's senior senator, went last, leaning heavily on his cane. Then came the aides, a few members of the other body, and shirt-sleeved Senate pages.

Goldwater seemed to blush beneath his deep tan, but replied in obvious sincerity that he would always treasure his friendships on both sides of the aisle; he was not, he said, running for the Senate because he had been "quite critical of another gentleman" who ran for two jobs—a reference to LBJ's double candidacy in 1960; he regretted that he would be unable to enjoy the pay raise which the Senate had awarded itself—a gibe that relieved the emotion of the moment.

Wheat to Whom?

► Substantial quantities of the durum wheat sold, at discount, to the Soviet Union last December have been transshipped to Rumania and, some suspect, to Cuba. The original contract of sale expressly denied to the Soviets the right to re-export any portion of the wheat.

The Commerce Department granted a waiver on contract restrictions for transshipment to Rumania. The Soviet Union was permitted to re-export to Rumania $12,589,000 worth of grain purchased from the U.S. Initially, Commerce made an ill-conceived attempt to disguise the fact that the Soviet grain shipments were indeed American-grown. Retreating, Commerce corrected itself, stating that there was no official policy against shipping wheat to Rumania. Sen. Thomas Dodd (D., Conn.) and others had made three obvious points: 1) the contract, on which basis the deal was reluctantly swallowed, has been scrapped; 2) if the rationale behind the deal was to alleviate the critical surplus situation, Commerce should have compelled Rumania to make all purchases direct from the U.S.; 3) Commerce should, at a minimum, have ascertained the terms of the Soviet-Rumanian deal; it is highly possible that the Soviets sold American wheat at a profit!

The Cuban situation awaits elucidation. Two American merchant marine officers of the *SS Sister Katingo*, Captain Arthur Fertig and First Mate Daniel Johnson, have reported that the shipment of wheat delivered by them to a Black Sea port was immediately transferred to a Soviet freighter bound for Havana. Dean Rusk asked the Soviets to deny the charge; which presumably they did, for Rusk has asked no further questions.

—CATO

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Suite 3505

For those who want the story straight, our publisher reveals, for the first time, the prehistoric activity that launched the candidacy of Senator Goldwater

WILLIAM A. RUSHER

Whether Barry Goldwater wins or loses in November, his nomination by the Republican Party in 1964 is now history, and its consequences will predictably be enormous. For the first time since the Party assumed its modern form, it has shaken off the domination of its Eastern backers and nominated the overwhelming choice of the Midwest, the West and the South. It is not hard to see that a new road has been taken, from which there can be no turning back. For better or worse, the future of the GOP now lies with new and vigorous elements emerging from the lusty West—a West that, to use the inescapable figure, has at last come of age as a dominating force in the American society.

It would be foolish to pretend that a development so fundamental and so inevitable was the product of any mere faction's plans or efforts. Yet this great movement had its human vectors, and their actions deserve to be chronicled accurately for the benefit of historians and all others who would like to know exactly how it happened. Various obscure and partial accounts have already appeared in the press; it is time for a complete and accurate description of the relevant events leading up to the public launching of the National Draft Goldwater Committee in April 1963. This is what this article proposes to be.

Under the Eisenhower Administration, the Republican Party had been more or less jointly controlled by a coalition of its Liberal and centrist elements, with the latter having perhaps the larger voice. This alliance was ratified anew when Nixon, upon being nominated in 1960, capitulated to Rockefeller on key platform questions in their famous "Treaty of Fifth Avenue" (which Barry Goldwater promptly denounced as "a domestic Munich").

Nixon's narrow defeat at the hands of Kennedy in November was of course a staggering blow to this Liberal-centrist entente, and in the early months of 1961 it became apparent that the time was ripe for a new initiative—perhaps even a conservative one. The old Taft bloc was gone. (One of its last congressional leaders — Congressman B. Carroll Reece—had died that very February.) The old Dewey machine, too, which had thrice run the New York governor for the Presidency and then twice elected Eisenhower, had lost much of its potency. (Dewey and Brownell, its two key figures, had retired irrevocably to private law practice.) And while Nixon had inherited the shards of the Dewey-Eisenhower organization, including one or two top-flight political operatives (notably former Attorney General Rogers), Nixon's 1960 defeat made it impossible for him to assume control of the Party again unless he could first rehabilitate his image as a winner—*e.g.*, by election as governor of California in 1962.

A Common Conviction

It was in this state of affairs that private conversations began among a group of relatively young and conservative Republican professionals during the summer of 1961.* They were, for the most part, old friends; many of them had worked and politicked together during the preceding decade in the Young Republican National Federation. Some were now Republican state chairmen; others were in Congress; many held no Party office whatever. But all were influential at some level of their states' Republican politics, and they shared a common conviction that it was time for the Republican Party to turn to the Right—away from the aggressive Liberalism of Rockefeller, away from the calculated and empty platitudes of Nixon, and toward the conservative principles and personalities which had begun to make themselves felt on the national scene in the latter half of the 1950s.

They met, for their first formal discussion, in a conference room of the Avenue Motel on South Michigan Avenue in Chicago, at 2 p.m. on Sunday, October 8, 1961. From sixteen states they came, 22 people in all, each at his own expense; and so intent were they on the task at hand that, as one who was there recalls, "That was the day of the fourth game of the World Series between the Yankees and the Cincinnati Reds, and nobody even asked who was ahead until we adjourned at 5:30."

By 5:30 the Yankees had won, and the conferees had also accomplished quite a lot. They had constituted themselves an *ad hoc* committee to turn the Republican Party into a more conservative path. They had elected as their chairman F. Clifton White, a lanky, soft-spoken upstate New Yorker who had spent most of his adult life (he was then 43) in and around New York and national Republican politics. They had authorized White to draw up a plan of organization and action, and a budget to match; they had told him to wait upon Senator Goldwater and inform him of the group's existence and its intentions; and they had voted to reconvene in Chicago in just two months' time—on Sunday, December 10th—to assess what progress had been made.

Perhaps the best evidence of the

*I have given careful consideration to the question of identifying the individuals involved in the activities described in this article, and have concluded that—with certain obvious and inescapable exceptions—it should be left to them to identify themselves. Many (*e.g.*, Congressman John Ashbrook of Ohio) are widely known as having participated; others are not. In any case, it has not seemed my place to break the confidence they all reposed in those with whom they met.

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maturity of the group was its decision *not* to become, then and there, at the very outset of its existence, merely a Goldwater-for-President Committee. After all 1964 was still more than two years away; much could happen in the interval—and besides, many of the men around the conference table in the Avenue Motel were in no position to commit either their states or themselves to a specific candidate, however attractive, so far in advance of the convention.

Still, as the decision to inform Senator Goldwater indicated, it was recognized by all hands that he occupied a special relationship to the objectives, and probably to the more specific destinies, of the little committee. He was indisputably the best known and best liked spokesman of conservative Republicanism. Thanks to years of tireless work as a fund-raiser and campaigner for the Party, he was well and favorably known to just about every GOP leader in the nation—including almost all of those gathered in Chicago. It was just that it was early, very early, to be talking about a specific candidate: and it was, moreover, by no means clear that Senator Goldwater would consent to run for the Presidency in 1964. There would be a time—later —to talk about that; meanwhile, it was enough that a beginning had been made.

The Senator Informed

This judgment of the group was vindicated when, pursuant to its instruction, White called on the Senator in his Washington office in late November and outlined what had happened in Chicago. Goldwater, who would instantly (and rightly) have repudiated any effort on his personal behalf at that time, was frankly delighted to learn that a knowledgeable committee of Republican pros had taken a hand in his own long, lonely struggle for a more conservative GOP. He wished it well, and White promised to keep him informed of developments.

On December 10, as scheduled, the committee reconvened at the Avenue Motel: the 22 who had been present on October 8, less five who were prevented from flying to Chicago that weekend by thick weather over the East Central states, plus ten newcomers. One of the latter, and the only governor present, was Don Nutter of Montana, who was to lose his life just a few weeks later in a plane crash at the age of forty-six. None who attended this meeting, however, was ever to forget the idealism and passion with which this ex-bomber pilot spoke of the peril in which America found itself, and of the job that needed to be done to save it.

1962: Quiet, but Crucial

The conferees went right to work. White, who had theretofore conducted his own business advisory service, was asked to establish and direct a small, full-time office in New York to coordinate the committee's work. The United States was divided into nine regions, each under a spare-time regional director whose task was to approach and organize the conservative Republicans in every state in his area. A finance committee was created to raise the necessary funds for the operation, and a budget was approved. It called for the expenditure of $60,000 in calendar 1962—a ridiculously small sum on the scale of national politics, but 1962 was scheduled to be a year of quiet (though crucially important) gestation.

The question of a name for the committee received careful thought. Anything including the word "Goldwater" was out of the question at this early stage, for the reasons already mentioned. Nothing else sounded particularly attractive. Finally it was decided that the committee would have no name at all, at least for the time being. This solution had the advantage, among others, of providing the absolute minimum of visible target for critics, if one of these got wind of what was going on. For, while the committee did not contemplate any Florentine activities of a kind that would be unable to bear the light of day, it had no particular use for publicity until and unless it got a candidate, and meanwhile it was always possible that the Liberals in the press would pounce upon the committee if they learned of it and denounce it as ill-timed, reactionary and just generally malodorous. (This is precisely what they did do a year later, when they at last became aware of its existence.)

Thus ended 1961. White closed down his own business, rented a tiny two-room suite on the 35th floor of the Chanin Building at the corner of Lexington Avenue and 42nd Street in midtown Manhattan, and on February 1, 1962 commenced full-time operations on behalf of the nameless committee. On the frosted door was merely the number of the suite: 3505.

With White from the outset, as secretary and Girl Friday, was a woman whose name deserves to be more widely and gratefully known among American conservatives: Rita Bree, a career businesswoman who left her own secure position in the insurance field to help White in his new and crucial assignment. For fourteen months, those two people were to be the entire full-time staff of the movement that launched the draft of the first conservative Republican Presidential nominee in modern times. And they were not all easy months.

Study in Contrasts

It is amusing, in retrospect, to contrast the modest little suite in the Chanin Building with the elaborate five-story town house at 22 W. 55th Street, near Fifth Avenue, from which the Presidential ambitions of Governor Nelson Rockefeller were even then being promoted by a well-paid legion of speech-writers, researchers, advance men and big-time political operators. Already Republican state chairmen and other major political figures from many states were being flown to New York City and ushered into the gubernatorial presence for a warm handshake, a personalized version of the famous grin, and murmured assurances of fond remembrance when the inevitable came to pass. It is unlikely that Suite 3505—had anyone on West 55th Street known of its existence—would have caused anything but mirth.

But there was work to be done, and through the winter and early spring of 1962 White took to the road to do it—crisscrossing the country, conferring with state and regional representatives, and reaching out wherever possible for fresh contacts. On April 13 the third conference of the committee convened—not in Chicago this time, but in a spacious

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lodge amid the still-frozen lakes and snow-mantled birch forests of north central Minnesota. Unlike its predecessors, this was a two-day affair. The atmosphere was deliberately informal: "I want them," White explained, "to get to know each other better, not only as politicians but as friends." On the screened porch of the main lodge, the regional representatives made their reports, and there was serious talk of new campaign techniques—political chitchat, in a sense, but as absorbing to these pros as new recipes to a gathering of housewives.

It was obvious that the committee would have to mark time during most of the middle months of 1962, when the attention of every serious politician—quite definitely including those on the committee—would be focused upon campaigns for the congressional elections coming up that fall. Accordingly, it was decided not to hold another meeting until December; and meanwhile White and Bree would keep the office open, and continue as far as possible the work of further organization, against the day when attention would return to the Presidential arena.

The Low Point

In retrospect, both were later to regard those months between April and December 1962 as the very darkest they had to pass through. Attention ebbed inexorably away; and with it, money. Small as it was, the 1962 budget had not been met, and by August it was a desperate struggle to pay the rent, the phone bill and the two modest salaries—let alone the travel expenses that were essential to further organizing. ("Gosh, I wish we could help, but we're runnin' a governor out here" . . . "All our money is tied up in congressional races right now. Maybe later.") Grimly White plowed his own savings into the project; in the nick of time, one or two substantial donations were received. Somehow, by the thinnest of margins, the little office survived . . . and December came.

When it came, the eyes of practical politicians were still trained upon the election results of the preceding month—and those returns told a most interesting story. Nixon's effort to recover his momentum had failed ignominiously; he had been defeated for governor of California by 400,000 votes. On the other side of the country, Rockefeller had won re-election, to be sure—but by far less than his 1958 margin, and despite a campaign expenditure five times the size of his opponent's. Most significant of all, conservative Republicans throughout the Southern states had made striking gains—as in Alabama, where Goldwater-supporter James Martin

had come within seven-tenths of a per cent of defeating veteran Democratic Senator Lister Hill. It was not hard for anyone to see in which direction these signs pointed—or toward whom.

Thus it was a confident and optimistic committee that met for its fourth plenary conference on Sunday, December 2, 1962, in the Essex Inn Motel on South Michigan in Chicago, just a couple of blocks north of the Avenue Motel where it had been founded fourteen months before. This time 55 persons attended, from almost every major state—impressive testimony to the organizing effort that had been made during 1962, as well as to the intrinsic appeal of the movement the committee was mobilizing.

Plans Crystallize

Before dividing into regional caucuses (plus a meeting of the finance committee), the full committee heard White's report and his recommendations for future action. The 1964 convention was now just a year and a half away, and the time had plainly come when conservative action must begin to take the concrete form of support for a particular candidate. The wily politicians gathered in Chicago were not likely to forget the oldest and truest of all political aphorisms: "You can't beat somebody with nobody."

No one doubted who the candidate must be. White was instructed to call upon Senator Goldwater and tell him: 1) that the committee proposed to launch, on or about March 1, 1963, a public movement to draft him for the nomination; 2) that no consent or approval for this move, on his part, was requested or expected; and 3) that the committee only asked that, if questioned about it, the Senator refrain from a final repudiation of all possibility of his candidacy.

Word Leaks Out

White waited for the holidays to pass before calling on Goldwater; but meanwhile there occurred one of those unpredictable events which disrupt the best laid plans, with complex results for good and ill. No meeting of 55 people is ever entirely secret, and word of this one soon leaked to the press in the usual garbled fashion. TV viewers were treated by Walter Cronkite to a tour of the very room where "55 Goldwater supporters" had "met in secret" just 24 hours before, to plot the Senator's nomination in 1964. The Liberal press, which until then had, generally speaking, treated Goldwater as a sort of obscure Danish liqueur, reacted as if thieves had been discovered in the Treasure Room of the Tower. The *New York Herald Tribune* was especially outraged:

> Neither the plotting to promote Sen. Goldwater for the Presidential candidacy nor the conspiracy to block Gov. Rockefeller contributes to the health or harmony of the party. . . The conservatives are guilty of bad timing, narrow motives and poor politics.

But, guilty or not, the publicity about the meeting paradoxically served one useful purpose. Rockefeller's journalistic chorus of trained seals had been prepared to hail his re-election as making him the inevitable Republican nominee for President in 1964; and, despite the rather less than sensational margin by which he was returned to Albany, they were bugling away industriously when—like a discordant tuba blast

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—the word broke from coast to coast that 55 disagreeable people had just caucused quietly in Chicago to lay very different plans for 1964. Somehow, Mr. Rockefeller's nomination never seemed quite so "inevitable" again.

On the Hill: Hopes Dashed

Still, a Goldwater nomination must have seemed far in the future on January 14, 1963, when White called on the Senator in his Capitol Hill office and relayed the message from the committee. The prospects swiftly became even more remote. As luck would have it, the timing of White's conference with Goldwater could hardly have been worse. In the first place, the premature publicity about the Chicago meeting had understandably annoyed the Senator: it was couched squarely in terms of a Goldwater candidacy, to which he had never consented by word or deed; all he had ever done was express pleasure at the news that a representative group of Republicans had decided to try to turn the Party into more conservative paths. Moreover, Goldwater at this point privately thought very little of his chances against President Kennedy, and was not disposed to throw away his Senate seat (which would be up in 1964) on a quixotic gamble that might not only end his career but damage the cause of conservative Republicanism generally. Finally, White's visit happened to coincide with the posting of some committee assignments for the new Congress (later revised), which depressed Goldwater still further and disinclined him to look with favor on the actions of unauthorized enthusiasts.

So Clif White, who had gone up Capitol Hill that morning with such high hopes, came down again "looking for a job," as he gloomily put it to a friend. Goldwater would not only not declare his availability; he was firmly determined not to permit a draft movement of any kind. One year from the opening of Suite 3505, the whole project lay seemingly in ruins.

But now occurred one of those mysterious changes in the *atmosphere* of the Goldwater drive which defy explanation unless we choose, as several marveling observers have done, to attribute them to divine intervention. The month of February 1963, which one insider declares he will always remember as "Valley Forge," produced two fundamental changes for the better.

For one thing, it was in February that serious analyses of the potential strength of a conservative Republican candidate against Kennedy, especially in the South, began to appear. (See, *e.g.*, "Crossroads for the GOP," *NR*, Feb. 12, 1963.) There is reason to believe that this so-called "Southern strategy" soon attracted Senator Goldwater's thoughtful attention, and caused him to start reconsidering his own position.

Meanwhile, on Sunday, February 17, the executive committee of the full *ad hoc* committee met in emergency session under leaden skies at the O'Hare Inn, not far from Chicago's International Airport. Exactly a month and a day had passed since Goldwater's resounding "No!" to White, and subsequent efforts to modify his stand had not met with notable success. The atmosphere was thick with gloom.

For a time the discussion circled aimlessly around the central fact of the Senator's intransigence. Finally, and rather desperately, one of those present burst out: "Let's *draft* the son of a gun!"

"What if he won't let us draft him?" somebody objected.

"Then let's draft him anyway!"

Decision to Draft

And so it was agreed. Every man present was sure, deep down in his bones, that a powerful case could be made to the GOP for a Goldwater nomination. Each guessed that, in the long run, the Senator could be persuaded to consent. Meanwhile, if the organization so painstakingly built over a space of eighteen months was not to be scrapped just when it might be needed most, there was nothing to do but launch a public drive to draft Goldwater—hoping against hope that he would not repudiate it outright.

To keep this latter risk to an irreducible minimum, the executive committee briskly conscripted one of its own members—Peter O'Donnell, the vigorous young (36) Republican State Chairman of Texas—to serve as Chairman of the National Draft Goldwater Committee. (White assumed the title of National Director, and the role of top full-time official of the new organization.) The desperadoes at the O'Hare Inn shrewdly calculated that Goldwater would be reluctant to repudiate an organization headed by the Republican state chairman of one of America's largest and most conservative states; and O'Donnell further rewarded their judgment by soon proving himself as energetic as he was influential and dedicated.

'Footnote to History'

After a few more weeks' delay, to round out the top officerships of the new organization, the National Draft Goldwater Committee was launched at a press conference in the Mayflower Hotel in Washington on April 8, 1963. Down from Suite 3505 in Manhattan, to larger quarters on Connecticut Avenue in the nation's capital, came White and the indispensable Rita Bree and the filing cabinets containing the fruits of a year and a half of hard work through the mails, on the phone and on the road. Smoothly the existing state and regional leaders were integrated with the public organization. The press merely snorted that "another Goldwater movement" had begun—not even realizing or bothering to trace its connection with the now-forgotten "secret meeting" in Chicago the previous December. But the comment the Committee was waiting for —a grumpy one, to be sure, but bearable—came from Senator Goldwater: "I am not taking any position on this draft movement. It's their time and their money. But they are going to have to get along without any help from me."

And so they did, for nine more months, until the Senator at last declared his candidacy on January 3, 1964. But that is another story—a splendid one that diligent historians of the future can reconstruct from the abundant press clippings that record the powerful upsurge of the Draft Goldwater movement in 1963. Meanwhile, let this little footnote to history serve to memorialize the faceless committee that in 1961 and 1962 greased the track for the first conservative express train in modern American history.

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Principles and Heresies

A New Political Map of America

FRANK S. MEYER

THE ABYSMAL failure of commentators and columnists, not to mention pollsters, to understand what was happening in this country until a few days before the nomination of Barry Goldwater is being matched these past few weeks by the punch-drunk obtuseness of their post-convention analysis. While their confusion has some soul-satisfying aspects, we do not need to go all the way with General Eisenhower in condemning them root and branch. Some, it is true, are blinded by ideology; some are either so stupid, or "other-directed" that they could not conceivably hold an idea or recognize a fact different from those accepted by the majority of their colleagues; some few may be corrupt. But there remain to be accounted for the intelligent, honorable, and normally objective, who exist in no small numbers in the American press corps. Despite honesty and intelligence, they find themselves almost to a man in the same plight as their colleagues. An examination of the cause of their confusion may be instructive.

Meyer

I say "cause," not "causes," deliberately: the political terrain of America has been gradually undergoing a transformation; the familiar landmarks of thirty years have been obliterated; and these unfortunate souls are wandering around the highways and byways of politics with hopelessly outdated maps. The most astute have now begun to look around gingerly at the new landscape. While Walter Lippmann and Joseph Alsop continue to grind out the gruesome old inanities, William S. White, James Reston, and the Evans-Novak team, for example, have hesitantly begun sketching the outlines of the new terrain upon their political maps.

It is a strange geography, by the standards of the years since Franklin Roosevelt, but its major outlines have been emerging for some time, if one looked closely enough. As I wrote two years ago in a column entitled "The 1962 Elections: the Turning of the Tide" [NR, 12/4/62], the 1962 elections "registered a basic shift in the structure of American politics—a shift which has for the first time brought the conservative challenge to Liberalism into the center of the American scene."

The long-submerged instincts of the American people are at last being articulated in the political arena; and the battle is no longer between differing shades of Liberalism, but between Liberalism and conservatism. It is true that the consensus of the Republican Party which emerged at the San Francisco convention is a conservative-center coalition, but its core is conservative. If it included in its ranks a Nixon, a James Rhodes, a Bob Taft Jr., a Percy, a Dirksen, its driving force is Goldwater and the grassroots Goldwater conservatives.

THE FIRST feature of the new political geography, then, is the emergence of conservatism as a major political force. A second feature, distinct from this, although interconnected with it, is the catastrophic collapse of the political power so long enjoyed by the elite of the Northeastern seaboard. This was dramatically exhibited, as far as the Republican Party is concerned, at the San Francisco convention, and it will be just as dramatically exhibited across the spectrum of American politics in the November election. It is not only the isolation of the Eastern leadership on both the roll calls that tells the story. In every committee, as in the reception the convention accorded such formerly powerful figures of the party as Governor Rockefeller, Senator Scott, Senator Javits, or in the significant fact that neither of the men who controlled the convention of 1952, Governor Dewey or Ambassador Lodge, even appeared before the convention —by commission and omission the proceedings of the convention demonstrated the political impotence of the old Eastern leaders of the GOP.

I stress in the analysis the Eastern *leadership;* large numbers of the solid Republicans of the Eastern states are as out of sympathy with the Eastern elite as the Republicans of the rest of the country. The convention roll calls prove it. While the strong Goldwater states were close to unanimous, sizable Goldwater minorities broke through the Rockefeller-Lodge-Scranton domination in state after state in the East. Nevertheless, this is as yet revolt, not control. It may become much more in the months ahead as the pent-up power of instinctive American beliefs pours through the breach in the Liberal dike Goldwater's nomination has battered.

AS WITH the Republican Party, so with the country as a whole. It is conceivable, as the campaign progresses, that such powerful conservative sentiment will develop that Goldwater will carry Eastern industrial states now seemingly firmly Johnson's. But these are not necessary for an electoral victory. The Midwest (without Michigan and Minnesota), the Mountain states and the Southwest, the border states (without Maryland, Delaware, and West Virginia), the South (without Arkansas, Georgia, and Texas), represent a total of 257 likely Goldwater electoral votes, of the 270 necessary for a majority. Texas with 25 electoral votes, or California with 40 would make Goldwater President—and without the vote of a single Eastern state. Should Goldwater penetrate the East also, he could well win in a landslide.

In the days before the Age of Discovery, maps showed whole areas with such markings as "Here be Monsters." It would seem to be such maps of the American political scene that our experts have been using. They had best wake up and find themselves new maps of the true terrain, with its peaks and plateaus of conservative sentiment and its roaring watercourses of revolt against Eastern Liberal domination.

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The Third World War

Who Shall Be Master?

JAMES BURNHAM

According to the accepted interpretation, the Sino-Soviet conflict has centered on an ideological dispute over peaceful coexistence (Khrushchev) *vs.* revolutionary struggle (Mao). A fortnight ago I showed that, when tested by what has actually been happening in the world, this interpretation is proved to be superficial. The ideological dispute is not correlated with any clearcut differentiation between the policies carried out by Moscow and Peking in practice. In practice, both Moscow and Peking favor "peaceful coexistence" in the sense of avoiding general war; in practice, both favor "revolutionary struggle" in the sense of supporting, wherever feasible, the weakening of Western or Western-oriented regimes and the advance toward Communist power.

Nevertheless, the conflict exists and is being conducted with ferocity by both sides. If the ideological element is secondary and superficial, what is all the noise about? There is no single or simple answer, but there is a solid premise to start from: the conflict—whatever else it may be or may become—is a struggle for control of the international Communist enterprise, of "the Party," "the movement," "the apparatus." When we use this premise as guide, the course of the conflict over these past five or six years—what has *not* happened as well as what has—becomes intelligible. Two mighty factions of experienced, hardened Communists—one led by the dominant group in the Russian party, the other by the dominant group in the Chinese party—are battling to decide the question that has always been the crux of political struggle: *Who shall be master in the house?*

Understood as, in the first instance, an internal faction struggle, the current conflict no longer appears as something extraordinary and unprecedented. It takes its place in the long line of Communism's bitter fratricidal wars. The modern Communist enterprise began through and in the fierce factional dispute that divided Lenin and his supporters from their rivals at the 1903 conference of the Russian Social Democratic Party. For fifteen years that struggle was carried on within the Russian party and its sister-parties of the Second International. It culminated in open and global split, and the formation of the Third International, in 1918. In the pre-Lenin era of Marxism, comparable battles among Marx, Bakunin, and Lassalle, and among English, French and German socialists, had divided and finally liquidated the First International and thrown the Second into continuous turmoil.

Key to the Situation

After Lenin came the great fratricidal party wars—focused in Russia but world-wide in extent—of the Stalinists against the Right and Left Oppositions. The ideological disputes accompanying these found expression in words enough to fill great libraries. But the strategic objective of each combatant faction was never in doubt: to win control of the Party, the organized Communist movement. In pursuit of this objective, hundreds of thousands of men and women were killed, millions exiled, imprisoned and enslaved.

To those who do not comprehend the nature of Communism, control of the organization seems too paltry an objective: either altogether trivial (as de Gaulle and George Kennan believe) or wholly subordinate to some more classic goal—national or racial supremacy, economic interest, or achievement of some ideological ideal. But to a Communist, control of the organization comes first; it is *the key to the situation*. Without "the Party," the Communist enterprise is nothing—verbal wind, utopian fantasy. But if the Communist has the Party, then shall all else be given to him. A Communist state is a Party state; a Communist empire, a Party empire; a Communist world, a Party world. "The International Party shall be the human race"—so the revolutionary hymn concludes. Suppose a Communist is compelled to choose between the Red Army or the national government and the Party: his choice must be the Party; armies and governments come and go, but the Party remains as the permanent organism of the revolution; armies and governments can be useful, but the Party is indispensable.

The Path of Lenin

The disciplined party of professional revolutionaries—this new kind of army that is also church and conspiracy—was Lenin's great creative discovery. It is natural and inevitable that both Khrushchev and Mao take their stand foursquare on Lenin. This latest internal Communist division arises out of the particular conditions of the present conjuncture: besides the never-resting will of strong men for power, the geographic, national, economic and cultural diversities. But the objectives and methods of the struggle are according to the Communist mode.

The Maoist faction, bidding for supremacy, draws on the polemical rhetoric of Stalin, Trotsky, Lenin, Bakunin and Marx to anathematize its opponents, and acts to infiltrate the local parties everywhere in the world, to form cells within them, and where advantageous or necessary to set up open rival groups. The Khrushchev faction, operating from a position of long-established but for that very reason somewhat corroded strength, counters from the same rhetorical and organizational arsenal, and moves carefully to consolidate its global hold and to isolate the upstarts. Both sides jockey warily toward an international confrontation that might formalize the split with a finality neither is yet ready to acknowledge.

Meanwhile both must, in prosecuting their fratricidal war, as in the faction struggles of the past, keep an ever watchful eye on the common enemy whom they call "imperialism," lest he exploit their time of quarreling to his advantage. Fortunately for them, the enemy sits on the sidelines as if waiting passively to learn which set of undertakers will handle the job of burying him.

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Letter from the Continent

Mr. Moro Tries Again

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

The European spotlight is on Italy today and its silent but important revolt against parliamentarianism. The Italians are becoming increasingly weary of party squabbles at a time of major economic crisis.

Kuehnelt-Leddihn

Aldo Moro has just formed a new coalition which is nothing but a revival of the old one between the Christian Democrats *(Democristiani),* Republicans, Social Democrats, and Nenni-Socialists, a coalition which under the circumstances becomes the *only* possible one because the left-socialist Saragat refuses to collaborate with the rightist Liberal Party. So the old coalition has been revived and will inevitably again fail, which in turn will lead to new elections and a strong radicalization of the whole political scene. The old coalition, extending from the Nenni-Socialists to the *Democristiani,* failed because the Socialists balked on the question of state support to the private schools which are mostly Catholic schools. How could anybody expect that a Socialist party would, or even could, vote for a law benefiting Catholic schools? The Socialists' fear of being laughed out of court by their Communist fellow-Marxists was too strong and it was Signor Codignola, school expert of the PSI, an ardent enemy of the *Democristiani,* who forced the party's hand. It could be argued that the *Democristiani* should never have brought up the subject of aid to private schools, politics being "the art of the possible," but the discontent in DC circles at the cravenness of the party in its dealings with the Socialists had mounted to such a degree that the burning problem could no longer be shirked.

Yet, while the Nenni-Socialists had a good doctrinal issue in the school aid vote that brought down the last Moro government, the true reason for the break-up is the economic situation which has steadily deteriorated in spite of vast loans from the United States and other nations. Government posters detailing the impressive aid figures play them up as a sign of "the world's confidence in Italy's economy." The decline of this economy, as a former Minister of Finance explained to Premier Aldo Moro in a now famous official letter, is due to the very simple fact that Italy is in the grips of a frightening inflation due to the constant rise in wages (and sometimes in salaries) which is not warranted by an analogous increase in production. Over a period of months wages have risen on the average 15 per cent and the gross national product 5 per cent. The result is a threatened runaway inflation.

CGIL All-Powerful

The solution would be to put a stop to the rise in wages and salaries in order to give production (with increased investment) a chance to catch up with them. The Nenni-Socialists are not willing to pursue such a policy and in all fairness, they might not even be *able* to pursue it. The Socialist Party is too intimately tied up with the big Socialist-Communist trade union, the CGIL (*Confederazione Generale Italiana del Lavoro*) which would never agree to a wage-freeze although it is indispensable for Italy's economic survival.

Trade union leaders have a way of putting the welfare of their dues-paying members above all other considerations. The only inhibition unions have in this respect is the fear of knocking out the economy entirely. This is not the case of a truly Marxist trade union which is ideologically pledged to ruin the "bourgeois society." That was precisely the card played by the Italian unions in 1921-1922 and which led not to total collapse or revolution, but to something quite different—fascism.

Climate for Demagogues

Now that Signor Moro has succeeded in reviving the old coalition the papers report that the *apertura a sinistra* is again "functioning." But we shouldn't be misled by appearances. There is a political crisis in Italy even more serious than the economic crisis: it is that a parliamentary republic is not viable so long as the population is ideologically divided and subject to the appeals and slogans of demagogues. In such a climate all exhortations for economic sanity, with its spartan aspects, will always be drowned. The economically untrained and uneducated masses will vote for whoever promises them most. On top of all this there is a great deal of Catholic social-sentimental demagoguery in Italy which works to help the extreme Left. There *has* been an economic miracle in Italy. It is now being destroyed, partly by the trade unions and partly by an impossible parliamentary situation which cannot be remedied by mere "reforms." As Harold Laski, Bagehot, and Leibholz have pointed out, a basic ideological agreement (a *bloc d'idées incontestables)* is absolutely necessary for parliamentary government and *especially* so in a democratic republic which has no higher controlling body than the Chamber.

Tourists are starting to comment on Italian prices and taking their francs, marks, pounds and dollars to Spain and Yugoslavia. The situation in Italy is described as "pre-Gaullist" (most of us are too cautious to call it "pre-Mussolinian"), but with the difference that there is no de Gaulle, or even a Mussolini, anywhere in sight. Randolfo Pacciardi does not seem to have sufficient mass appeal. Only two organized bodies exist in Italy: the Communist Party and the Army; but there doesn't seem to be any political general around brutal—and patriotic—enough to establish a military dictatorship. In pre-war Italy the Crown was too weak; had it been strong enough, in 1922, to rule together with the army, the tragedies of 1922, 1939, and 1946 might have been averted.

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The Sources of Law

WALTER BERNS

For years now, Lon Fuller, Carter Professor of General Jurisprudence in the Harvard Law School, has been insisting that the question, what is law, can be answered only in terms of the purpose of law, and that the purpose has something to do with man's nature. Writing several years ago in the *Journal of Legal Education,* Fuller said that he could not "see what standard there can be for passing ethical judgments if it is not that which is in keeping with man's nature as it would be if it were able to resolve its disharmonies and to surmount its imperfections." It is generally correct to say that Fuller has been defending natural law against legal positivism and analytical jurisprudence, the kind of legal theory that sees law as merely " 'the existence of public order' without asking what kind of order is meant or how it is brought about."

In 1940, in his justly praised work, *The Law in Quest of Itself,* he traced legal positivism to Hobbes and his doctrine of sovereignty, and showed how this doctrine led Hobbes's successors to devote themselves to questions that assumed an importance for legal theory, but had nothing whatever to do with the issues that arise in law. Legal theory became abstract; it became abstracted from any legal (or political) relevance, a disease from which much of it still suffers. Fuller then divided modern positivists into two groups, the legal realists, represented by John Chipman Gray, and a second group represented and dominated by Hans Kelsen.

The Morality of Law, by Lon L. Fuller. Yale, $5.00

Gray's search for the "sovereign" terminated in the judge, and law was defined as the rules laid down by judges, which gave rise to legal behavioralism. Kelsen objected to this because the realists could not distinguish between those occasions when the judges were behaving and when they were misbehaving. His solution was to postulate a basic norm, and law became those rules deriving their validity from this postulated basic norm. Fuller's comment on all this was to the effect that legal realism culminated in brute observation of things that are true but not significant, whereas Kelsenism culminated in brute assumptions of things that are significant but not true. (The layman may wonder how, without coercion, citizens can be expected to obey a law *because* it is derived from a basic norm that, they are told, is merely postulated.) It is this sort of silliness that Fuller has been objecting to throughout his distinguished career.

In this newest volume he states the point in dispute as follows: *I have insisted that law be viewed as a purposive enterprise, dependent for its success on the energy, insight, intelligence, and conscientiousness of those who conduct it, and fated, because of this dependence, to fall always short of a full attainment of its goals. In opposition to this view it is insisted that law must be treated as a manifested fact of social authority or power, to be studied for what it is and does, and not for what it is trying to do or become.* This kind of analytical jurisprudence cannot speak to the difference between good law and bad law, which for Fuller means that it cannot do the work of jurisprudence, and the reason it cannot speak to this question is its insistence on the separation of law and morals.

Strangely, the patron saints of this kind of jurisprudence, Jeremy Bentham and John Austin, insisted on the separation of law and morals, but did so precisely to bring about their coalescence in the future. According to H. L. A. Hart, the leading exponent of Austinian jurisprudence today, and a frequent opponent of Fuller's, Bentham and Austin were led to make the distinction out of their concern with two types of people: the anarchist, who was likely to say, " 'This ought not to be law, therefore it is not and I am free . . . to disregard it' "; and the reactionary, who was likely to say, " 'This is the law, therefore it is what it ought to be.' " As sensible men, they knew that the law had to be obeyed; as reformers who wanted to improve the law they had to insist on the separate existence of a standard to guide reform. But to the extent that they succeeded in reforming the law according to this standard, they would bring about a situation where what was legally right resembled, or was identical with, what was morally right—as they understood this, of course.

As a modern legal positivist, however, Hart refuses to base his work on the assumption, or premise, that he, or anyone else, knows what is morally right, or that he knows the end that law should aim to achieve. His legal analysis is carried on not

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with a view to reform, but rather "to advance legal theory by providing an improved analysis of the distinctive structure of a municipal legal system and a better understanding of the resemblances and differences between law, coercion, and morality" *(The Concept of Law,* p. 17). Fuller would do well to ask Hart why it is important to "advance legal theory" or to achieve a "better understanding" of these differences.

Instead, in the volume at hand, he analyzes what he calls the "internal morality of law"—those aspects of a good legal system, such as the requirements that laws be promulgated, that they not be retroactive, that they be clear and free of contradiction, and so on; and then argues in his last chapter that "a proper respect for the internal morality of law limits the kinds of substantive aims that may be achieved through legal rules." It is as if he were saying to Hart, "You must concede the existence of this inner morality; therefore you must concede the necessary connection between law and morality." In fact, Hart does concede it, but in the process of doing so he says that such a notion is "compatible with very great iniquity" *(The Concept of Law).*

Fuller is astonished by this statement. He asks whether it is possible even to conceive of a ruler "who pursues the most iniquitous ends but at all times preserves a genuine respect for the principles of legality." Unfortunately for Fuller's arguments, examples are at hand, many of them, and Hart will surely provide them in his next work. He might, for example, show that it is possible to disfranchise a whole class of people—we have seen it done—with scrupulous attention to the "internal morality of law."

I cannot avoid the conclusion that this is Fuller's least successful work. He can score points against Hart, for Hart, like Thrasymachus before him, is trying to defend the *value* of a "value-free" jurisprudence, which cannot be done; but the basic cause for the unhappy state of contemporary legal theory lies outside legal theory and cannot be affected without transcending legal theory. To state the matter succinctly: contemporary legal theory is merely a reflection of contemporary political theory, or contemporary philosophy, which itself is the pitiful remnant of the philosophic upheaval that took place four hundred years ago. St. Thomas did not rest his case for the natural law on the incompatibility of the rule of law with evil ends; he said that the human soul is naturally inclined toward the good and that this inclination could be known through reason. Among others, John Locke, the Englishman and "America's philosopher," denied this; most of those who came after him denied it too, to the extent to which they considered it worth a denial. To transcend legal analysis requires philosophy as it was originally understood, and this is scarcely to be found today.

If Fuller were, for instance, to seek the assistance of his Harvard philosophy colleagues, he would find John Rawls saying that justice has nothing to do with "specific distributions of desired things," and that any attempt to discover such a justice is "mistaken in principle." Instead, justice consists in a constitution granting liberty to all because no one can complain of such a constitution. Why not? Because hypothetically, or "linguistically," no one will agree to the establishment of a constitution permitting slavery because no one can be sure that, in the ensuing lottery, he will not ("whatever chance device is used") be assigned to the slave class.

It is doubtful that even contemporary legal theory can match this degree of silliness.

Only Yesterday

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

IT IS NOT TRUE that happy nations have no history. They merely have a different sort of history—the kind that Francis Russell is preeminently qualified to write.

In *The Great Interlude* Mr. Russell deals with a time and a place. The time is that of the 'teens and the twenties of the century—a period of sharp and vivid "this was your life"

The Great Interlude, by Francis Russell. McGraw-Hill, $5.00

nostalgia for me since it coincided for the most part with my own 'teens and twenties. The place is Greater Boston, which is just north of the part of New England that is home to me. I expected to discover some significant differences between Mr. Russell's Boston and my own Connecticut, but I found practically none. The reason I should guess, is that Mr. Russell is not a Proper Bostonian, but a Dorchester boy—and Dorchester, though contiguous to Boston itself, was, in Mr. Russell's youth, urban New England without any trace of Brahmin patina. With its mixture of American-Protestant lower-middle class Yankees, three-decker "Jewvilles," Roman Catholic Irish just three generations away from the potato famine, and odd infusions of Scots and Scandinavians, Dorchester comes through to me with peculiar force as being almost a mirror image of the Park Street section of the New Haven, Connecticut in which I grew up.

Reading Mr. Russell's chapter on "The Hill, the Hollow, and the Jews" was the equivalent, to me, of the madeleine that Proust dipped in the tea—it unlocked memories of our Park Street gang: John Sinosky, a Pole; Abie Silver, a Jew; Gordon Swebelius, a Scandinavian; Willie Murray, an Irish lad; Ray Montgomery, a Yankee. We mixed more on Park Street than Mr. Russell's immediate neighbors in Dorchester did, and the rock-throwing battles which we had with the Italians of Oak Street (defending ourselves with garbage-can tops for shields) find no parallel in Mr. Russell's pages, probably because the Boston Italians were far away in the North End. But the Dorchester atmosphere of racial clash and ultimate accommodation comes home out of a familiar past.

The distinguished feature of that past, as it wafts upward from Mr. Russell's detail-packed but nonetheless swift-running prose, is its civilized refusal in most cases to push social conflict to the point of physical brutishness. There are echoes of violence in Mr. Russell's evocation of the career of Carlo Tresca, the

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This book tells the story of party warfare in the United States from the standpoint of bipartisanship. Its aim is not merely to recount the history of American party struggles, but to describe and explain the courses of party evolution.

October 1, approx.
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CAXTON of CALDWELL, IDAHO

"last anarchist" who figured so prominently in the defense of Sacco and Vanzetti, but Carlo pulled more and more away from any sympathy with the "anarchism of the deed" as he approached his own tragic appointment with Stalinist assassins. My own last memory of fierce and gentle Carlo is of a talk about the attempt to organize farmers in California to fight, among other things, a crop-devouring infestation of squirrels. "If I were in California," said Carlo, "I would organize the squirrels." Mr. Russell quotes Carlo as saying to Max Eastman: "Sacco was guilty but Vanzetti was not." Thus, says Mr. Russell, the honest anarchist "rent the most cherished American Liberal myth of the century."

The temptation is to think of all Mr. Russell's chapters in terms of one's own autobiography. His "Plattsburg: the Camp by the Lake," an account of the 1915 training camp started by General Leonard Wood, evoked memories of that mock convention at Loomis School in 1920 when we tried to get Wood nominated for President. We were no more successful than were the real Wood delegates at Chicago. Mr. Russell's "A Journal of the Plague: The 1918 Influenza" revived the dolor of one's own battle with the mysterious bug. I, too, once made a pilgrimage to the homestead of Calvin Coolidge in Plymouth Notch, Vermont. Mr. Russell writes about the "four mysteries of President Harding," one of the mysteries rising from the whispers that Harding was of mixed Negro and white blood. I recall going out of my way on a drive through Ohio to look at the Harding home in Marion, and wondering how such a placid setting could have nurtured the man who brought the Ohio Gang to Washington. Maybe its very placidity helped shape Harding's naiveté.

Everything that Mr. Russell touches upon strikes home. The Joyce cult at Harvard, which he encountered just before the Great Depression turned the impressionable to the literature of the proletcult, might have been the Joyce cult anywhere. (It was fostered at the Yale of my day by William Troy, whose subsequent career as a first-rate critic is now forgotten because he never published anything in book form.) The chapters on the two Boston mayors—"Honey Fitz" Fitzgerald and his arch-enemy James Michael Curley—have their

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own unique flavor. But the storming of City Hall by the Irish occurred in most northeastern seaboard cities. The only reason why Honey Fitz is remembered nationally while other Irish mayors are forgotten is that he had a grandson who made the White House.

Mr. Russell is the best social historian to have come along since Thomas Beer. The Boston of his recreation will live in my own memory with the New York, "that acreage of brown stone and shoddy stucco," of Beer's *Stephen Crane,* and with the San Francisco, "adored in her wallow beside the bay," that makes its brief appearance in Beer's *The Mauve Decade.* As for the period of the happy twenties, their flavor was faintly suggested all over again by Eisenhower's fifties. (When politicians can snooze in the White House, all is well for us common slobs.) But as 1984 approaches, Mr. Russell's book will seem more and more of a lovely curio. Read it and weep for the passing of an America in which minorities fought their battles by hiring halls and by taking things to court and to the polling booths for settlement.

Science Fiction

Chromium-Quaint— and an Oddment

THEODORE STURGEON

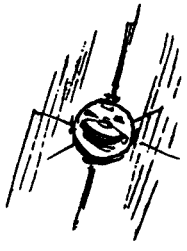
PROFESSOR MAGIDOFF directs the Russian program at NYU, and here presents us with an interesting eyepiece through which to observe certain aspects of Soviet life and thought. It has been said of science fiction (withal fulsomely) that, except for poetry, no other form of literature admits of such a degree of freedom of speech. If society doesn't suit you, you can in science fiction build a better one and see if it works. You may also alter parts of your culture and create new operating environments for the rest. Most important of all, since science fiction is fiction, and fiction can never deal properly with anything but people, science fiction can orient people, in and out of its pages, to new placements of the heart and the head in an increasingly science-influenced existence.

Russian Science Fiction, ed. by Robert Magidoff; trans. by Doris Johnson. New York University Press, $5.00

Inside Outside, by Philip Jose Farmer. Ballantine, 50¢

It is clearly this latter element which motivates the Soviet science-fiction writer, quite to the exclusion of real freedom of speech. Most of these stories are educational devices —and some excel as such. Any layman who goes through the volume will come out knowing more than he did about actual—not possible, or conjectural — science: physics and plant and animal biology, meteorology, cybernetics, and a heavily emphasized geology. American science fiction passed through a phase like this in the thirties—indeed, the inventor of science fiction as we know it (who also invented the detective and mystery story) used just this approach in such quaint antiquities as *Mellona Tauta.* His name was Poe.

So much for science. As for fiction, such a museum of wood, wax, and cardboard puppets has seldom appeared between covers. Professor Magidoff, in his foreword, makes what seems at first an odd remark in describing the work of Belyaev, one of the authors herein: "There is no originality, no humor, and no character development —only a skillful and at times almost poetic popularization of technology and science." How can there be poetry without some human evocation? Yet the professor is quite correct; for these writers handle technology with such awe, with such a childlike sense of wonder, that one must at times allow the word to be used. And sometimes, poetry appears for the purpose of be-



The Tale of the Talkative Wife

by
Julian P. Van Winkle
Senior Proprietor
Old Fitzgerald Distillery
Louisville, Kentucky
Established 1849

Our still-house man once confided in me about his garrulous wife.

"Minute I step in the front door," he complained, "it's talk, talk, talk! We sit down to supper. It's more talk, talk, talk! Next morning, same thing. Talk, talk, talk!"

"What in the world does she find to talk about?" I queried.

"That's just it," he replied. "*She don't say!*"

Whiskey folks these days are doing a sight of talking about "light, light, light."

You hear it at the cocktail bar. It's the by-word at the liquor store. You see it on bottle labels. It pops out from magazines, newspapers, billboards. Light, light, light!

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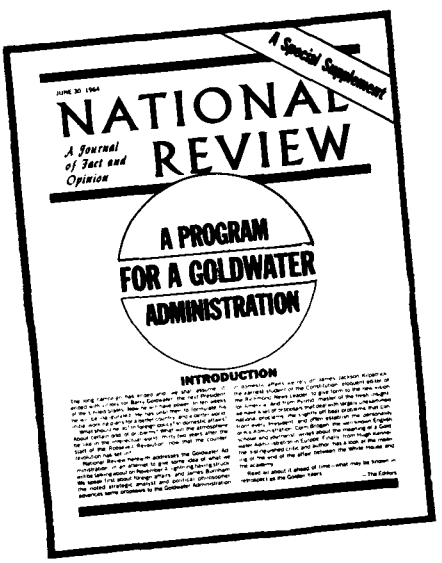

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ing destroyed by knowledge, as in Vasilyev's *Flying Flowers*, which contains one of the most truly beautiful legends we have ever read, and which proceeds to demolish its beauty, charm by charm, spell by spell, under the merciless probing of a snoopy geologist who would rather uncover ores than oracles, metals than magic. He might, in the hands of a more thoughtful and disobedient author, have done both; and this in a story which makes much of a geologist's duty to avoid narrowness of interests.

ONE STORY is fascinating (for its content; its style is dreadful) in its exploitation of the theory that intelligent beings must of necessity be bipedal mammals. At first scorned as mere anthropocentrism, this theory has gained respectability of recent years, and one tends now to regard it as probable. But that to reach its ontogenetic peak, a primate must necessarily develop socialism only provokes merriment; and the particular means used here is inexcusable—an attack on Will F. Jenkins' jovial classic *First Contact* which as author Yefremov describes it is a foul example of monolithic capitalism, frightened and feral, victimizing the poor defenseless alien. Actually this appallingly misquoted story is only one of many Will wrote on the "first contact with aliens" theme, none of which takes a shoot-first-ask-questions-later posture; indeed, there was one which proved the "humanity" of the aliens, as well as their biological similarity to us featherless bipeds, by the fact that for the last two days of the contact, "our" radiomen and "theirs" were swapping dirty stories.

One must take serious issue with Prof. Magidoff on his remarks on the story *A New Year's Fairy Tale*, with which, says the professor, Vladimir *(Not by Bread Alone)* Dudintsev, after having been silenced by the authorities, rises again to strike at Soviet bureaucracy, and scores a shining mark for individual enterprise. Quite to the contrary, it is easy to see how this story would mightily please the Presidium, for this obviously Soviet scientist-hero's great quest is a discovery which will bring light and warmth to a side of the planet (it is only halfway through that we learn of this fabulous anomaly) which has forever been without them. This he achieves by loving humanity and applying Stakhanov-style

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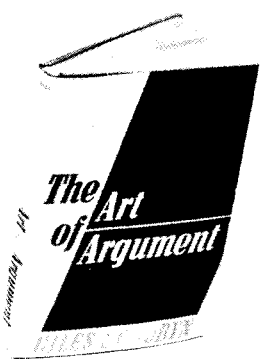

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efforts. The analogy, from the Soviet viewpoint, seems clear, and surely represents something less than a serious objection to the Soviet mythos.

In sum, if this volume is representative, the Soviets are producing and consuming *science*-fiction and not science-*fiction;* and unless and until they perform the latter, they can be sure of reaching more heads than hearts; of filling more hoppers but winning fewer minds.

Philip Jose Farmer who once set the whole science fiction world on its ear with an extraordinarily powerful story called *The Lovers,* in the days when everyone thought the field had no glands, has again turned his considerable skills to the end of disturbing, unsettling, sometimes puzzling, yet completely fascinating the reader. Any attempt to describe in detail this world (or hell) or this plot (or fable) must fail; Farmer barely manages it in and by the book. Is it satire? Very probably. Does it contain a warning? For some, surely. It is one of those rarities which yields to the degree the reader participates in it; which gives back quantitatively what the reader brings in—but gives back something vastly different in kind. It is rife with horror that intrigues, with blood which somehow does not come off on one, with apparent sacrileges which may well be admonishments to those who have lost devotion. An oddment. A most worthwhile oddment.

Commentary

Duel Over Aristotle

FROM ELISEO VIVAS:

The June 16 issue of NATIONAL REVIEW, with Mr. Garry Wills' "review" of my *The Artistic Transaction,* did not reach me until a couple of days ago. I hope it is not too late to comment on the irresponsible handling of a book whose complex theories Mr. Wills did not take the trouble to digest.

We publish from time to time communications elicited by reviews or articles in the Books-Arts-Manners *section. Herewith Professor Eliseo Vivas presents his criticism of Garry Wills' review of his book,* The Artistic Transaction, *and Professor Wills replies.*

The book includes a sketch of a philosophy of culture, on which is grounded an apologia for art as constitutive of experience; it touches on the nature of our symbolic faculty and the origin of language; it contains an extended effort to define the aesthetic experience in view of the varieties of the experience; it contains some hints towards a philosophy of language; it also includes a number of essays on theory of literature, in one of which the relation of theoretical thought to imaginative literature is discussed in general terms and by concrete analysis; it undertakes, against the Wittgensteinians, a defense of aesthetics as a substantive discipline; it includes a rather long essay discussing the New Criticism; and two essays are exhaustive examinations of books by Wheelwright and Wimsatt. Nor is this a complete account of the problems treated. Out of 261 pages, two essays, totaling 31 pages, take up the problem of imitation.

And yet Mr. Wills writes that "most of [the essays] are aimed at the imitation theory of art. Further, all Mr. Wills finds in the book are sophomoric confusions and contradictions. Although he gives the distinct impression that I am incompetent, he also writes that this book is the "refinement" of ideas presented in my *Creation and Discovery,* which, he tells us, was an "important landmark in American aesthetics." From this we must infer that American aesthetics must be in a most deplorable state.

Briefly, let me give two instances of the contradictions fabricated by Mr. Wills and attributed to me. I say in the book that *King Lear* challenges the providential notion of God and also that art presents, reveals; but on the preceding page I say that art does not teach. A contradiction! exclaims Mr. Wills. If it challenges it corrects; and if it presents it teaches. Mr. Wills makes things easy for himself by forgetting to note that I have also argued that art, and *a fortiori,* imaginative literature, are ineradicably ambiguous. But let that pass. It could be that Mr. Wills is a unique and incredibly fortunate teacher. Apparently he has not had the experience that the rest of us have daily, of challenging a student by presenting him with an imaginative work only to discover from the examination that neither challenge corrected, nor presentation taught him, a thing. But it could also be that these distinctions are simply beyond Mr. Wills' grasp.

Mr. Wills notes that in my defense of non-objective art I say that its creators are working in response to powerful forces operative in our age and that they express these forces. Overlooking the problem of intention and ignoring the doctrines of such men as Croce, Alexander, Collingwood and Dewey, Mr. Wills takes "expression" to mean "imitation," and imputes the blunder to me, and thus charges me with another contradiction. Ignoring further my neo-Kantian notion of the constitutive symbol, on which my understanding of art stands or falls, he does not notice that that "important landmark in American aesthetics," *Creation and Discovery,* with its paradoxical title and its contradictory epigraphs, undertook, as one of its central tasks, to do justice to the truth of the theory of imitation and to the creative factor that the various theories of imitation have ignored.

Could it be that Mr. Wills is one of those classicists for whom there are no problems of aesthetics today that were not already satisfactorily solved by Aristotle? For these men, the task of contemporary aesthetics is to read into the *Poetics* anything that anyone points out as lacking in it. They do it by ignoring Aristotle's psychology and his epistemology. But where in Aristotle do we find a discussion of creativity? And where a solution of the paradox in which creativity involves the imitation theory?

If my understanding of art were as simplistic as Mr. Wills takes it to be, I should have been fired for incompetence over thirty-five years ago. But whatever the defects of my views, they are not the sophomoric blunders which Mr. Wills finds in them. Because he fails to give his

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readers an idea of the many problems which are discussed in *The Artistic Transaction,* and because he grasps simplistically the one problem he thinks I am "mostly" concerned with, I reiterate that his so-called review of my book is irresponsible.

GARRY WILLS REPLIES:

Professor Vivas' letter establishes what does not come as much of a surprise—that he has an even higher opinion of his book's merits than I do. Aside from that, he makes the following points:

1) That I do not discuss everything covered in his book, but dwell on what I consider a weakness central to the theory expressed. It is true that the essays and reviews collected in this volume range wide, but from a theoretical base. To say this is to maintain a) that Mr. Vivas has a consistent theory, and b) that his book, for all its diversity of subject and source, works always from that theory (and is therefore a *book,* something with a perceptible unity of concern). I am sorry the implied compliment in this approach somehow, inexplicably, offends him.

2) That I deny *King Lear* can have what Vivas calls art's "intransitivity" and yet have the critical relation to religious theory that Vivas also ascribes to the play. Vivas in his letter talks as if all he were saying in the book is that literature does not teach an unambiguous "moral." If that were all his famous theory of intransitivity meant, he would indeed be teaching a sophomorically simple aesthetics.

3) That I correlate "expression" and "imitation" when criticizing his attitude toward non-objective art. Yet I am simply using his own correlation of the terms in his treatment of Suzanne Langer.

4) That I am insincere or fatuous in calling his work important yet mistaken. To any but the most doctrinaire, there is no contradiction here; and, as a matter of fact, I made it clear in the review that I thought Vivas most searching and valuable when he departs from the rigidities of his theory. Professor Vivas, it seems, will accept no compliment short of total submission.

5) That I am perhaps by his gratuitous surmise, one of "those classicists" who will brook no criticism of their beloved Aristotle. It is strange to indulge in this hypothesis, yet make no effort to refute the things I actually say about the one Aristotelian point raised for discussion in the review—the theory of imitation. I am afraid, indeed, judging from the tone of his letter, that my real crime lies not in considering Aristotle above all criticism, but in failing to accord Professor Vivas that privileged eminence.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

HOW TO WIN AN ELECTION, by Stephen C. Shadegg (Taplinger, $5.00). This is not the first "How To" book in the field of political campaigning, but it is by far the best. Mr. Shadegg, who was Barry Goldwater's campaign manager for the Senate in both 1952 and 1958, has managed or served as a consultant in almost a score of campaigns, many of them at the senatorial level (where, as he warns in Chapter 1, "The minimum [war-chest] required to stage an aggressive campaign in a small state [is] around $200,000"). In short, he knows his onions. Most political managers who do are not the communicative type; but Shadegg is an articulate man, able to organize and present his advice intelligently and with a wealth of apt illustrations from his experience. There are chapters on everything from the campaign manager to opinion polls and direct mail. As might be expected, the author has few illusions. One distinction he drives home is between the genuinely *undecided* voter and the merely *indifferent* one. It is the latter, he insists, that matters most: "The segment of the population which is least interested in politics actually decides the outcome of most elections." It is a little chilling to think of Mr. Shadegg's vast knowledge—and especially some of his fiendishly clever ploys—being made so readily available to Bad Guys as well as Good Guys. But the remedy is for all men of good will, with their copies of Shadegg in hand, to wade in and carry the day.

W. A. RUSHER

THE AGE OF DETERRENCE, by George E. Lowe (Little, Brown, $6.75). One of the more depressing phenomena of this day and age is the continued relative ease with which Liberals and Communists succeed in sandbagging conservatives and anti-Communists by pre-empting the linguistic framework of public policy discussion. Which is to say that *they* lay the verbal ground rules; *they* have the rhetorical initiative. Policy discussions are thus automatically forced into simplistic good-guy/bad-guy formulae designed to herd Mr. Citizen into line by fallacious syllogistic whip-cracking (*e.g.,* "a vote against the test-ban treaty is a vote for nuclear war"; "a vote against the civil rights bill is a vote against civil rights"). *The Age of Deterrence* is an example. Concretely, it is a 50-year, paradigmatic history of a military foreign policy debate between the "Utopians" and the "Traditionalists." The Utopians, page 10 says, are now those who "deliberately adopt a policy of escalating all regional conflicts to the nuclear level," and the "Traditionalists" are those who favor setting up "as many hurdles as possible . . . before being driven to use nuclear weapons." Disregarding the catchy tags, this opening dichotomy has some superficial plausibility. The rest of the book does not; it is, in fact, such a stacked deck that even Little, Brown would be ashamed of it were it not another of its series of contributions to Newspeak.

J. G. CAMPAIGNE JR.

A FEAST OF FREEDOM, by Leonard Wibberley (Morrow, $3.95). This novel lampoons all the sacred cows, including the Administration, the State Department, the United Nations, the Congo, good will tours, "Ugly Americans," and a host of other inanities. The high point comes when the Vice President of the United States, obviously modeled after Lyndon Johnson, pays a good will visit to an "emerging nation." The natives are so filled with good will that they barbecue and eat him. A serious book on the same subjects would have to be ten times as long. Wibberley uses a needle, not a bludgeon.

W. WINGFIELD

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TO THE EDITOR

(Continued from p. 672)

Where's Soapy?

You ask, "Where's Soapy? (Tshombe wants to know)" [July 14]. Soapy was last seen in Limbe. (Some would call it Limbo.) You ask, Where's Limbe? In Malawi. Tshombe will know.

P.S. Never mind where's Soapy. Where's Sherm?

Brooklyn, N.Y. ABRAHAM GLICKSMAN

The Branded Child

Please accept my sincerest thanks for Russell Kirk's excellent, hard-hitting review of my book, *The Branded Child,* in the June 30 issue. It is indeed a heart-warming tribute to have a man of Mr. Kirk's scholarly attainments review the offering of a new author.

Mineola, N.Y. EDWARD J. VAN ALLEN

SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S TRANS-O-GRAM (July 28)

Shakespeare

HENRY THE FIFTH, PART 1 [I;1]

[And] whilst a field should be dispatch'd and fought,
You are disputing of your generals:
One would have lingering wars with little cost;
Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings;
A third thinks, without expense at all,
By guileful fair words peace may be obtain'd.

Who's an Extremist?

Robert Welch, of the John Birch Society, has been frequently and rightly castigated for making extremely foolish and offensive statements about national figures. During the Republican Convention, James Farmer, of CORE, said that Barry Goldwater was an "obvious bigot," which he certainly is not; and Roy Wilkins, of NAACP, likened the activities at the Cow Palace to Hitler's beer hall putsch and, by implication, likened Barry Goldwater to Hitler. In their heated discussion of extremists, the delegates said nothing about Wilkins, Farmer, NAACP, or CORE. Why not?

Santa Barbara, Calif. J. R. SELVIN

"It is economic freedom and the market economy which the moral standards of true Christianity require, not the opposite economic system. At the same time, however, we have to say with equal force that economic freedom and the market economy require those moral standards. One conditions the other.

But in order to see this one has to keep an eye both on economics and on ethics. There is a sort of moralism which is ignorant of elementary economics and therefore liable to do great harm by passing moral judgments on actions which are not understood. There is, on the other hand, a sort of economism which errs in ignoring the essential moral basis of economic life, at least in theory. The one is as bad as the other, the economically ignorant moralism as the morally obtuse economism."

Professsor Wilhelm Roepke
Graduate Institute of International Studies, Geneva (Dr. Roepke's teachings are credited by President Ludwig Erhard as principally responsible for guiding the postwar economic recovery of West Germany)

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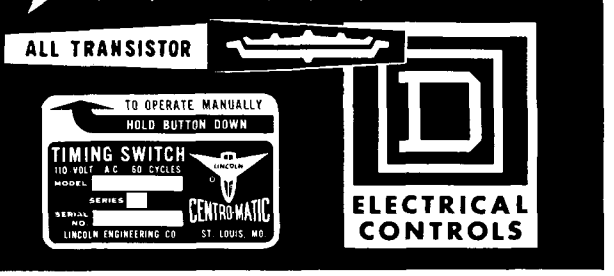

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TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. The crane fly (2 wds.).	76 45 90 169 10 173 196 20 56 27 80 / 151 103
B. Enter upon possession of.	88 30 129 112 192 73
C. Act of making friendly.	110 18 33 67 96 124 131 141 147 160 164 / 180
D. British order of knighthood (2 wds.).	116 2 31 72 178 210 4 134 139 145
E. Titular Dickens character (2 wds.).	152 64 100 70 109 205 219 11 32 47 77
F. An argument at the pie plant.	165 213 61 53 123 221 159
G. They've been distorted by the Left (2 wds.).	41 5 26 89 136 111 125 149 186 194 142 / 198 220 209 16
H. New Deal diet (2 wds.).	59 50 98 140 218 38 48 68 85 153 157 / 170
I. Youth who entered House in 1946, was Senator, carried most states in Presidential race in 1960.	81 7 14 87 128 150 154 163 172 122 204 / 29
J. Several times daily household chore (2 wds.).	127 13 21 99 217 74 94 106 117 120 162

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
K. Compelling forces or principles (pl.).	144 3 17 22 58 86 115 130 137 185 200
L. God (Hebrew).	181 215 174 202 69 37
M. Place where English charter was signed.	197 36 92 97 107 52 114 216 8
N. Disease in which the skin becomes thick, hard, fissured.	203 35 43 49 60 66 75 83 91 119 175 / 182 189
O. A percussion instrument.	23 135 79 102 155 171 214 40 93
P. Congressional unit which may be standing, select, special, joint.	44 78 62 158 133 199 1 25 121
Q. Group to which demagog makes appeal.	65 9 15 55 71 24
R. The last King of Bavaria.	101 167 46 54 95 146 187 191
S. A variety of candy.	138 104 156 211 57 177 168 190
T. Month, day, and hour of World War I armistice.	143 212 84 132 126 195 201 12
U. Place of evening entertainment (2 wds.).	161 39 166 148 183 208 105 176 188
V. Weeping infants.	6 19 179 42 82 108 206 28 118
W. Ancient Greek youth just enrolled as citizen.	193 34 184 207 63 51 113

See page 697 for solution of last issue's Trans-O-Gram.

					1 P	2 D	3 K		4 D	5 G	6 V	7 I	8 M	9 Q	10 A	
11 E	12 T	13 J	14 I	15 Q		16 G	17 K	18 C	19 V	20 A	21 J		22 K	23 O	24 Q	25 P
26 G	27 A	28 V	29 I	30 B	31 D		32 E	33 C		34 W	35 N	36 M	37 L	38 H	39 U	40 O
41 G		42 V	43 N	44 P	45 A	46 R	47 E	48 H		49 N	50 H	51 W	52 M	53 F	54 R	55 Q
56 A		57 S	58 K		59 H		60 N	61 F	62 P	63 W	64 E	65 Q		66 N	67 C	68 H
69 L	70 E	71 Q	72 D	73 B		74 J	75 N	76 A		77 E	78 P	79 O	80 A	81 I	82 V	83 N
84 T	85 H		86 K	87 I	88 B	89 G	90 A	91 N	92 M	93 O	94 J	95 R		96 C	97 M	
98 H	99 J	100E	101R	102O	103A	104S	105U	106J	107M		108V	109E	110C	111G	112B	113W
114M		115K	116D		117J	118V		119N	120J		121P	122I	123F	124C	125G	126T
127J		128I	129B	130K	131C	132T	133P	134D	135O		136G	137K	138S	139D		140H
141C	142G	143T		144K	145D	146R	147C	148U	149G	150I		151A	152E	153H	154I	
155O	156S	157H	158P	159F	160C	161U	162J		163I	164C	165F		166U	167R	168S	169A
	170H	171O	172I	173A	174L	175N	176U	177S	178D	179V		180C	181L	182N	183U	184W
185K	186G		187R	188U	189N		190S	191R	192B	193W	194G		195T	196A	197M	
198G	199P	200K		201T	202L	203N	204I	205E	206V	207W	208U		209G	210D	211S	212T
	213F	214O	215L	216M		217J	218H	219E	220G	221F						

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out, it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black squares indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

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For The Record

The Warren Report? It's not out, but the European left has already pronounced its verdict on the unseen text: "a whitewash." . . . In England, Bertrand Russell is at it again, this time as head of the "Who Killed Kennedy?" Committee, co-starring, among others, Michael Foot, the Labor MP, writers Sir Compton MacKenzie, J. B. Priestly, Hugh Trevor-Roper, film director (Tom Jones) Tony Richardson. . . . In Paris, Jean Paul Sartre is organizing a French Citizens' Committee of Inquiry, and, according to Mark (the ubiquitous) Lane, the Association of French Jurists is even now planning a convention in Nov. (post "3") to determine "what really happened."

Prize clarification of the week: By Jesse Gray, the Harlem rent strike leader, in seeking a dismissal of a court injunction against demonstrations by his group in Harlem. His call for "guerrilla warfare" (July 19), said Mr. Gray, "had been intended for Mississippi, not for New York City." . . . According to N.Y. police authorities, the mid-July riots in Harlem and Brooklyn cost the Police Department $1.5 million. . . . In his Der Spiegel interview predicting an "unavoidably bloody conflict" in the U.S., author James Baldwin dismissed Attorney General Robert Kennedy's civil rights record as "unimpressive."

Laying it on the line: Upon his arrival in the U.S. Malaysian Prime Minister Abdul Rahman said his country was in a "real hot war" with Indonesia, and not a "confrontation," which is the discrete State Department term for what is going on in Malaysia. . . . Sukarno's newest recruits in the Malaysian fighting according to Antara, the Indonesian news agency, are a number of blow-pipe experts. . . . In gesture of solidarity with U.S., the Philippines and Free China last week announced they were sending economic, technical and agricultural teams to South Vietnam. . . . Hong Kong intelligence sources say Peking has assembled 300,000 troops in South China along the approaches to North Vietnam and Laos.

Sen. Herman Talmadge of Georgia, asked what he intended to do politically this year, replied that he would vote Democratic, but that he had no plans to help in the national campaign. . . . Sen. William Proxmire (D., Wisc.) admitted on a TV (WOKR-Rochester) program on July 26 that Sen. Goldwater might carry Wisconsin in November. The Arizonan's campaign, he said, is "going to be very enthusiastic, well-financed, hard-hitting." . . . Republican pros watching Kansas' Tuesday primary to see whether State Senator Thomas van Sickle gets the

Punch—Ben Roth Agency

"Lost any more friends while I've been away influencing people?"

nod. Van Sickle was one of key men in tight little group that kept the Goldwater victory wagon rolling so smoothly in San Francisco.

Goldwater gimmicks: The Gold for Goldwater organization (conservatives sent in checks made out to Barry Goldwater, but postdated until after the Convention) netted $55,000 according to Mrs. Truman Wood, chairman of the Nebraska group. . . . Newer money raisers are books of Goldwater trading stamps ($1 each). What do you trade them in for: LBJ, what else?

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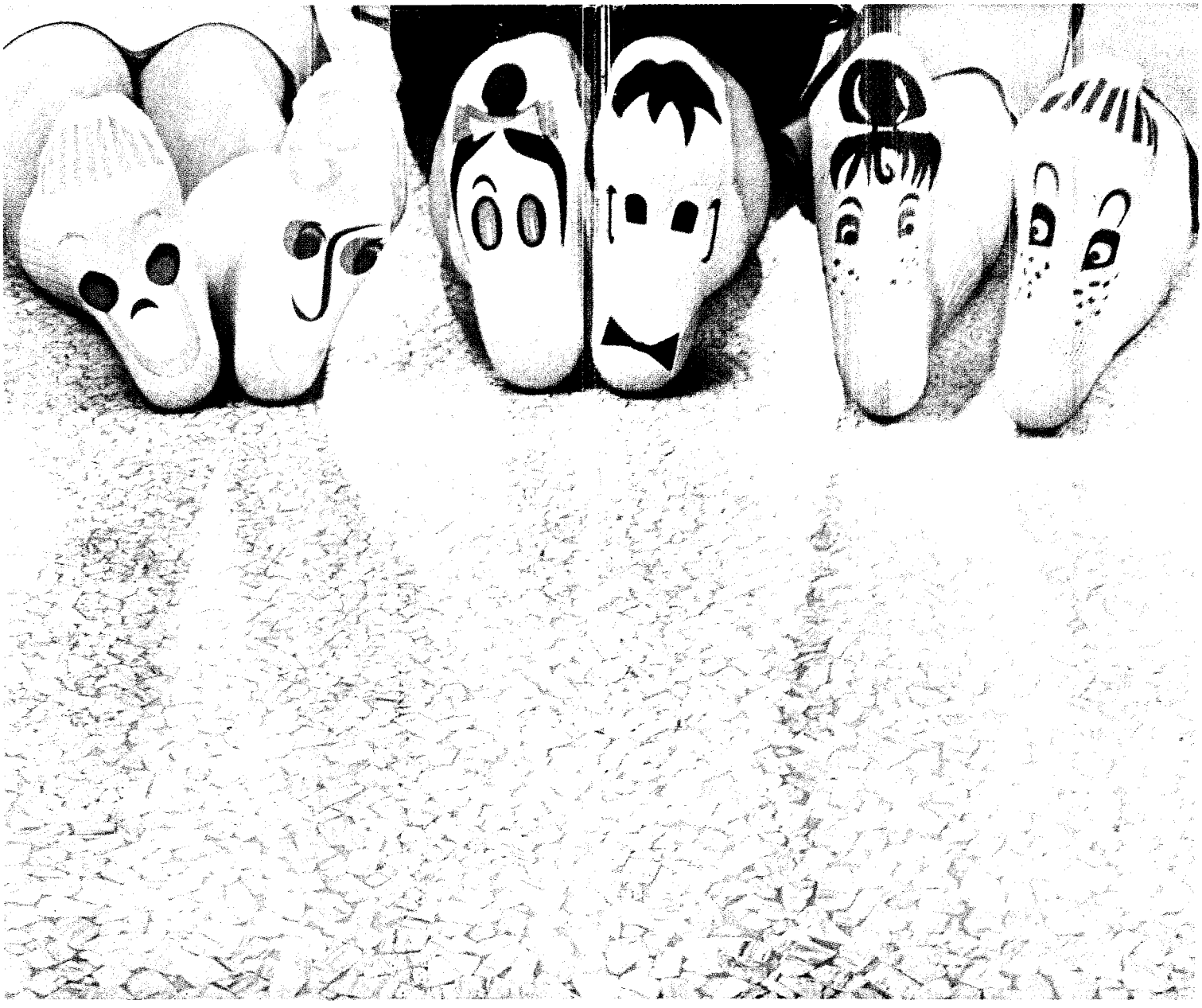

Why does Montina Vinyl Corlon come six feet wide?

Montina Corlon is not the kind of floor that looks right with a criss-cross of seams in it. It needs scope and expanse—should be virtually seamless, wall to wall. So Montina Corlon is made only in wide rolls, not in tiles.

A look at its design reveals why.

Montina is made of many small, stone-like vinyl chips, set in deep, translucent vinyl. These chips create a decorative, nubbly surface texture. The effect is one of richly colored stonework, of flowing pebbles.

If you like the idea of having a floor of intricate stone design that is not crisscrossed with seams, ask for six-foot-wide Montina Corlon.

Montina's almost seamless surface is not only good-looking, it's especially easy to keep clean, too.

So you can examine Montina in detail, we will send you a free sample of it, and a folder of its many colorings. Write Armstrong, 6408 Weston Road, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

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Montina Corlon is one of the famous Armstrong VINYL FLOORS

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